It begins this week!

A STORY OF THE SEA!

By the Famous St. George Rathborne.

A Thrilling Story of Adventure, and

A TENDER LOVE STORY!

is "Capt. Paul," which begins this week.

A Story for Everybody!

"KIDD, THE PIRATE!"

It Begins this week!

THE CHICAGO LEDGER

A MODERN HOME WEEKLY OF ROMANCE, DEPARTMENTS AND EVENTS

VOLUME XXIII. NUMBER 10. CHICAGO, ILL., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 6, 1895.—SIXTEEN PAGES. SINGLE COPIES 5 CENTS.

WHERE HIS ERAVERY FORSOOK HIM.

BY CHARLES J. COUZY.

He had tramped the wilds of Africa and seen the wild giraffe,
And had gazed on lions fierce with proud-est Irishmen;
He had listened with tranquility to the ancient tyrone's howl,
And had fought them with a courage that was oddacious.

He had scrapped with big nine-fighters in the south of their finese,
And had fought a dozen duels with the greatest of immerity;
He had stormed the Chinese buildings and saved all women from the flames,
And had swum Niagara's rapids with ease-ilely.

He'd played quarter back at football and had come out safe and sound,
And had been a prize-fighter-peddler with a candle that was lighted,
He had rescued pressed sinners in the caverns underground,
And in scenes of slaughter he was much delighted.

When we one know just how the cloth Lie'd bitter-proof would wear,
He had worn it while the maker experimented;
There was scarcely a known danger his courageous back would shirk,
And the more the risk, the more he was interested.

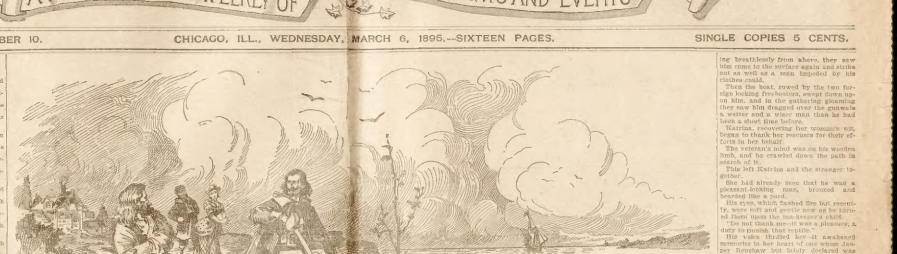
But one bargain day, while scantering past a mammoth dry-goods store,
When the weather was a-sweltering and a-simmering,
And his friends dared him to try to pass the store a-skirmishing,
He refused, for all his courage went a-glimmering.

WINTER PASTIMES.

Oh, the sports of lofty winter! They are with us in a trice,
We're so fond of that enjoyment that we don't mind getting frozen;
First it's all the farmer up and sez it's time a-thinkin',
And then it's thaw the water pipes and take another dose.

The New year comes! we feel so at our merrymaking still,
For the furnace can go out and smoke, and we keep within the house;
So keep your fur robes and sealskin cozy dozy,
And we'll have the grand pinoo when the cemetery is gone.

The old thermometer has struck; it's done to days the trees,
We'll wrap it up in blankets so the mercury won't freeze,
We'll fix the furnace up again, and next we'll sing a song,
And then we'll thaw the water pipes and take another dose.



He sprang back and snatched at his sword.

CAPTAIN PAUL;

OR,

THE SEA ROBBERS of NEW YORK

Story of Capt. Kidd's Last Cruise.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE.

CHAPTER I.

THE PEARL OF NEW YORK.

In the early days of the year 1696 the name of a certain man was upon the lips of almost every person living near the sea, from Boston far down the Atlantic coast.

That man was William Kidd, whose fearful stories of whom adventures in the Indian ocean had been brought to the shores of America by returned mariners.

Three years before Kidd had left London with a commission from the English government, given him by the notorious Lord Bellomont, governor of the province of New York, and under the authority of this commission he had sailed away from the English capital with a crew of one hundred and fifty men, and a ship well armed and manned.

Bellomont and his friends, who had given him the commission, had expected that Kidd would secure such an incredible amount of booty that the latter would want to execute it upon American soil.

But the people found much to talk about concerning the mission of the privateer Adventure, and when they became aware of the character of the crew which she had enlisted in New York, and of the commission, and when they became aware of the character of the men who had gathered on the streets and discussed his coming—it was the climax of excitement—a mass meeting was called, and the whole country was in a fever of excitement to discover what might be in the wind.

Such was the situation in New York and along the neighboring shores of the quaint, old-fashioned Long Island when, one afternoon, not far from the hour of sunset, a vessel came in sight in the offing, almost opposite the picturesque spot where Glen Cove is now situated.

Further on, upon the cliffs that overlooked the sound and the far away Connecticut shore, stood the tavern of one Gottlieb Overpeck, a man of unusual girth, who had withdrawn from New York when the Dutch gave supremacy to the English.

This Dutch inn-keeper of the heights had a grand-daughter whose fair face and plump figure made her the belle of the country. English officers found an excuse for stopping at the way-side inn to quaff a bumper, and chat with the good-natured Gottlieb, glad to pass a few words with the lovely Katrina, or else catch a glimpse of her Hebe-like face.

Of late Katrina's pretty visitors had not been heard in song—a spirit of unrest had come upon every one of them, and turned sailor from over the sea, stopping at the inn had, in his rambling talk, spoken of meeting the sole survivor of the crew of Abraham Evans, and of how he escaped the fate that fell upon the rest of the crew when the vessel was scuttled in the harbor of Captain Kidd.

Upon the Albatross had sailed one in whom Katrina was intensely interested, a young man, Paul Andrews by name, whose home was across the sound and in sight of her heart.

To learn that he was either dead, or had been compelled to cast his fortunes with the pirates, was a terrible blow to Katrina.

Though she never spoke upon the subject, she managed to hear much that was said, and day by day longed to hear in her heart the hope that with the arrival of Kidd upon the coast might come news of the lover who had sailed away a year before and never been heard of since.

Long before the vessel came to an anchor off the inlet, Katrina had noticed the rocks and was watching from her open the maneuvers necessary in order to round such a craft up in the wind, for while men were born sailors in the early days, their knowledge of seamanship was exceedingly limited, and their vessels would be little short of rafts in the estimation of the modern frigates.

Her heart thrilled with expectancy—she could not say why—that the approaching craft possession, for hope struggled with a deadly fear, and when the vessel was rejoiced to have seen her true lover come home, she was not sorry to be relieved by danger mounting high in the air.

The silent, ghostly crew of New York had been making preparations to come to anchor, and with the sails lowered and the vessel's head pointed to the shore, the men in authority assembled on the quarter of the vessel, and began to converse.

Katrina's eyes were silent no longer. She yearned to see the loved face, even though he might be but a prisoner in their hands.

She could see none of the men familiar to her, and she could not take her eyes from the face of the one who seemed to be in command. He was a tall, handsome man in authority, and as he stood there in the bright sunlight, with a cloak of red thrown over his shoulders, he presented a striking appearance.

Suddenly the looks of the other gave him a cold chill—he knew not why he should feel so—but feel so he did, and that it presaged defeat.

Then the vessel moved forward backward until just behind him was the edge of the cliff, and far down below, the sea.

Katrina and the veteran stood and watched the desperate engagement.

The only sounds heard were the clash, clash of steel striking steel, as attack was parried.

It was a battle royal, though Jasper seemed to be clearly outmatched.

In his mad, reckless contrive to behind himself of many other scurvy trick he had played, he had not counted on his vigorous antagonist.

The latter had not yet exhausted his attack, but, as if determined to force an end to the affair, he sprang back into his lines.

As the gathering twilight sparks followed the crash of steel.

Then, with a quick, cutting Jasper's treacherous blade broke short off near the hilt, leaving the latter within powerless to continue the engagement.

This desperate man was never without some remedy, and before the victor in the bout could follow up his advantage he turned and sprang boldly from the cliff.

Familiar with the vicinity, he knew that in this particular spot the water was deep, and if he could avoid the rocks all might yet be well with him.

He went down like a plummet. Watching breathlessly from above, they saw him come to the surface again and strike out as well as a man impeded by his clothes could.

Then the boat, rowed by the two foreign looking freebooters, swept down upon him, and in the gathering gloaming they saw him dragged over the gunwale a wetter and a wiser man than he had been a short time before.

Katrina, recovering her wounded wit, began to thank her rescuers for their efforts in her behalf.

The veteran's mind was on his wooden limb, and he crawled down the path in search of it.

This left Katrina and the stranger together.

She had already seen that he was a pleasant-looking man, and seemed a kind hearted like a lord.

His eyes, which flashed fire but recently, were soft and gentle now as he turned them upon the one he had aided.

"Do not thank me—it was a pleasure, a debt to be paid—that is all."

His voice thrilled her—it awakened within her heart of—of—whom else—but Newbury but lately declared was dead.

"He resembles one—he scrapped so darkly—I am afraid I screamed," she said, aside.

"That was what attracted Pelig and I here, were not our way to your father's inn."

"How know you I am Gottlieb Von Seggern's daughter?" she asked, quickly.

"There is a likeness—Long ishand."

"You are a stranger here?" to cover her blushes.

"I am Captain Drew, sent out from London to apprehend one Captain Kidd."

"The Captain of the Venture—I have heard my father speak of you. You will see him soon, and proud will he be to have his roof shelter one he has so much admired."

Quite a wound for Katrina, but her fright had given way to a sense of security and that was something almost akin to gratitude that attracted her, though she could not explain it.

She looked quickly at him, a sudden suspicion across to her mind.

It was immediately forgotten however, as a voice broke out with a deep bass tone of a bull.

Katrina, sithe nuh vun side so dee I sowe him mit my bottle gun," and just then the veteran hove in sight, swinging his terrible blunderbuss to an excited manner.

CHAPTER III.

THE TWO SPIES.

Katrina did not think of the ship. She feared the discharge of that wonderful piece would be made use of on the first coming of Captain Kidd, for it had been loaded to the muzzle with nails and stones, not even Gottlieb himself, knew the extent of the terror of which it was capable.

It was also knew that while the discharge was taking place outside, whoever chanced to be in front, the wretched marksman was sure to receive a shot in the body, and were the kicking propensities of the bullet equally terrible.

Shielding the Captain with her own form, Katrina saw that the vessel which had her shrieks had not been caused by the fall of the man—in fact—had, in truth, saved Gottlieb's grand-daughter from being killed, and was no other than the Captain Drew, of whom he had spoken.

At this Von Seggern's manner changed and he became as affable as he had previously been abusive. He would have entertained Captain Drew at table and might even have attempted to embrace the fair Katrina in the violence of his rare tact and courtesy that could only be equaled by a Frenchman in his line.

Some carried weapons like that of mine host, others guns of a later model. All were armed with pistol and sword, and intended securing the country and keeping it under.

That night the Captain was the guest of Gottlieb. It had gained as significance that the Albatross, a vessel of the northern coast negro mutineers used it as their rendezvous, and the Captain's star was frightened into silence by the fearful tales that reached over to the terrible Captain Kidd.

CHAPTER IV.

All that is necessary is a brief statement of the more important engagements, the deeds that may have been insignificant in the history.

Von Seggern showed signs of great uneasiness.

There had been rumors in the past that the Captain had taken an interest in some Red Sea project, for goods had been brought to him once or twice, and he believed they had the notorious Captain Kidd in his employ, and knew that whispered conversations linked Gottlieb's name with that of the pirate.

Captain Drew and the master of the vessel were seated at a table, and were seated at a table engaged in earnest conversation.

Whatever the topic, it was one that evidently appeared to cause his companion uneasiness.

Perhaps it had some connection with the rumors linking Gottlieb's name with the Red Sea leaders.

Then, again, the old man was furious at the attempted abduction of his child, and it would not be safe for Jasper Renshaw to appear within range of the Captain's vengeance, which Gottlieb kept close at hand.

He had known Captain Kidd years before, when the latter lived in New York,

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Chapter DCXXXVII

on Teinhoven, now Liberty street, and married the widow of Shipowner Jan Oort.

Possibly it was this intimacy that had brought Gottlieb into touch with the traders who came back with bulging cargoes secured by the Indian ocean pirates.

Presently a consultation was held, in which all joined, and various views were given. The lanky pedagogue, Josiah Powley, from New England, had his theory, and others were advanced diametrically opposed to it.

No one appeared able to give a positive reason for the coming of the buccaneers, for it was not believed the attempted stealing of Katrina could be more than a side issue.

Great things were feared—New York might be threatened with a sudden descent—the freebooters were believed to have formed a league, and this vessel prove to be one of many advancing from different quarters to capture the city of riches; for New York, even at that early day, would have proved fine pickings for such gentry.

It was determined to resist an invasion to the utmost, if one came.

Van Bibber, who had served as a captain during an excursion against the Indians, assumed the leadership.

When he lined his men up in the tap room of the inn they presented a motley appearance.

Falstaff and his recruits were hardly in it with this assemblage of tall and short, fat and lean men, armed with the most heterogeneous assortment of weapons secured from Gottlieb's famous collection, which, having in part come to him from the other side of the world, the spoils of pirates, consisted of such odd tools of warfare as the Moors, Arabs, Chinese and natives of the South Sea islands used at that time.

Spies were sent out to observe whether the strange vessel had left her moorings or still remained off shore.

A fog had settled down upon the sound and, as no light could be seen, they brought back word that it was impossible to tell whether she still lay there or had raised her anchor and gone toward New York with the tide.

Captain Drew had joined them and listened to the reports made. More than one man eyed him with great curiosity, for it was known that he must have a vessel somewhere about, as he had been sent out by the Crown to take William Kidd at all hazards, since it had become common talk among the enemies of the King and Lord Bellomont that they profited by the plunder secured by this audacious freebooter.

Katrina had been absent from the scene, no doubt busy with the duties that fell to her share in the house work, for the daughters of Dutch New Yorkers were not brought up in idleness, no matter how wealthy the family might be.

When she entered the tap room again, Captain Drew was calling for volunteers to accompany him on an expedition—nothing more nor less than an endeavor to see whether the pirate hovered near, and if still at the anchorage to board her in the hope of discovering the mission that brought such a customer to these peaceful waters.

These honest men were not warriors, and the audacity of the scheme almost took away their breath.

They looked at one another, but there was no rush or scramble to accept.

Finally three men stepped forward to signify their readiness to accompany him.

One of these was the Yankee pedagogue, a second Peleg, the one-legged veteran sailor, who swore strange oaths picked up in oriental seas, and the third the red-faced, rotund Van Bibber himself, who realized that his reputation as a warrior and fire-eater was at stake.

Captain Drew smiled and announced that, as he could but take one, he must select the man who would be of greatest service to him, and that the others must not feel slighted because he took the will for the deed with them.

Then he chose the lank school teacher, [illegible] Van Bibber was too fat and Peleg [illegible] for such a secret expedition, being apt to break out into a tirade upon the slightest provocation.

Taking the Yankee aside Captain Drew spoke to him, and those who watched were indeed curious to know what he could have said to make Silas look into his face and seize both hands in a convulsive clutch, exclaiming:

"I'm right glad tew see yeou."

"No more, and it please you," put in the other quickly, whereupon Josiah looked wise and nodded his head.

Several went off to get a boat ready, to muffle the oars and to do anything else necessary for secrecy.

As for Captain Drew, it was necessary that he should change his dress and appear more like a native—such fine feathers would betray him very quickly if he ventured on board the buccaneer craft.

To a neighbor's house he went, accompanied by the owner, and they being of a size, it was probable that an effectual disguise would soon be forthcoming.

Katrina presently found herself in close contact with the school teacher, who was examining a brace of dangerous looking pistols of stupendous size and Dutch pattern, which Gottlieb, who had presented them, solemnly declared would bring down a bear at twenty paces.

Josiah, though not a professing soldier, had always been something of a Nimrod—indeed, in those days it was absolutely necessary that every boy should be brought up with a gun in his hand.

At the same time he was a little dubious regarding the queer old pistols, not that he doubted the truth of Gottlieb's assurance, but naturally his thoughts went out to the possible chances of the party behind when the discharge took place.

"Mynheer, I admire your courage," was what Katrina said, edging near.

"With such a leader how could I dew otherwise," returned the pedagogue, placing the pistols in his belt with many misgivings.

"Captain Drew is a brave gentleman, too. If you could have seen him vanquish that pestiverous man, Jasper Renshaw. It was wonderful. I know not what there is about him to make me believe I have seen him before—do you, Mynheer?"

"Captain Drew has never been in New York before—and yet I tew seem tew see some one else in him."

"His eyes—they haunt me."

"Ah! Mistress Katrina; is poor Paul so soon forgot?"

"Never! It is because he brings him to my mind—his voice, his eyes; but Paul wore no beard, Paul was fair of face, and Jasper swore he met his death in the far away sea. When I meet Captain Kidd he shall tell me the truth—whether my Paul be living or dead."

"Have courage, Katrina. I feel in my bones, which heaven knows air prominent enough, that you will soon have news—good news. I can say no more—there comes the Captain."

Sure enough, Drew made his appearance. He was completely altered, and looked like the ordinary yeoman of Long Island, though the pistols in his belt gave him a warlike air.

Why he should pull his slouch hat down so far over his face was not apparent, for his countenance was certainly not one to be ashamed of by any manner of means.

Katrina could not take her eyes from him, and to herself she was muttering:

"Strange indeed, more than passing strange—his figure, his eyes, his voice; and yet one who has never before been in New York. Oh! Paul, my love, my own, gone this year and not one word to tell if living or dead. Alas! sad is my fate—I am bereaved, yet durst not weep—I am a widow, yet never a wife."

She retired to her room, and from the casement watched the little party head down on their daring mission to the water's edge, breathing soft prayers for the return of the two who put their lives in peril in order to discover what brought Captain Kidd to these shores.

Into the boat clambered the pedagogue and Captain Drew—the oars were placed and amidst the most intense silence, broken only by the lapping of the water on the strand, the craft was pushed off, and, swallowed in the heavy fog, the two spies started upon their perilous mission.

CHAPTER IV.

ON BOARD THE BUCCANEER.

It was about as desperate an undertaking as could be conceived, for the man who spied upon the movements of pirates played with fire, and the chances were ten to one he would be burned.

The pedagogue's motives were of the purest kind. He believed he was doing his fellows a service—that in balking the buccaneers in their plans his name stood a chance of going down in history as the savior of New York, even as that of Leonidas is cherished in Grecian history as the valiant Spartan who held the pass against the Persian host.

As for Captain Drew, no doubt his object had a close connection with the secret mission that brought him to New York in search of Captain Kidd, while the clumsy vessels of the English fleet were bowling along around the Cape of Good Hope, heading for the scene of his piracies in the Indian ocean.

When the fog had swallowed them up, they had to lay their course by the stars, for presently even the cliff from which Jasper made his desperate leap that afternoon faded from their view.

The Yankee knew something about boats, and could manipulate the clumsy oars with considerable skill.

On this occasion Captain Drew allowed him to do the rowing, while he sat in the stern and in whispers directed the course.

The tide was running but slowly, and unless the vessel had changed her anchorage they must soon draw along.

Josiah rowed with increased caution, and kept one eye over his right shoulder much of the time, after the fashion of boatmen.

"I see a light," he whispered.

"And I the top of a mast," replied the Captain.

"Then are we near the varmint?"

"Easy, friend."

"The tide bears that way."

"Yes, it will float us down if we gain the proper position. Row on, gently. There, hold in readiness. We bear down upon them. It was a good guess."

As they slowly advanced toward the vessel at anchor other lights appeared, which had been entirely blotted from the vision of those on shore by the heavy vapor.

This was the risky time.

If those on board kept a sharp lookout there was a chance of the floating boat being discovered.

The two adventurers would then have to pull for their lives, and trust to Providence in order to escape the shower of missiles that would be hurled in their direction from the deck of the buccaneer.

Now they gently scraped against the chain that held the vessel to her anchor.

Still no alarm.

The heavy bow of the pirate was over them, and along the side they glided, on the alert for a chance to fasten to some hanging rope.

Voices, laughter, oaths, came to their ears, showing that the crew must be on the alert. There was none of the silence that might have betokened fear, or a mission of danger, and well might the worthy burghers of New York quake in anticipation of tribute being levied upon them by a combination of such freebooters.

Suddenly the boat ceased to move along with the tide. The Yankee had found a rope trailing in the water, and this served to check their momentum.

This was only a beginning.

The fact that the pirate was still anchored in the sound might have satisfied Josiah, but Captain Drew had another motive in entering upon this expedition.

How could he get aboard?

The deck was not far above, but just out of his reach, for the vessel was of a different pattern from the wide clumsy tubs, with low gunwales, seen so generally in the waters of New York bay.

He tried the rope—it seemed capable of even more resistance than the occasion demanded, and presented an opportunity or boarding the vessel.

Before he went the Captain whispered certain directions in his companion's ear—probably with reference to what he should do in case of an outcry indicating discovery; but whatever they were the Yankee hardly appeared to relish them, for he shook his head dubiously as if in doubt as to whether he would carry them out to the letter or not.

Judging from the manner in which the bold Captain went up that rope, he was not only a sailor by education, but an athlete as well.

When he crawled over upon the deck he remained there for a minute to recover his breath, and because a couple of men advanced in that direction.

He was given a period of suspense, but it soon passed away, for they paid no attention to him lying there.

Discipline was certainly lax on board the pirate craft.

Gaining his feet, Captain Drew moved in the direction of the companion steps leading to the cabin in the stern, for there was no high poop deck reaching far above the waist, as was common in most sailing vessels of that time.

Men were around in numbers—their dress and manners seemed different from the honest sailors of the coast—most of them were swarthy fellows, wearing fancy peaked cotton caps, the tassel dangling about one ear; some had sashes and gaudy apparel, while not a few had rings in their ears, after the manner of Spaniards.

A more select lot of cutthroats Captain Drew was positive he had never seen.

He had not come here, or undertaken this great risk simply to gaze upon them or count their numbers.

If the trap which was being set worked well, they would soon find themselves in limbo, and sent to Execution Dock.

He had higher game in view.

When he reached the steps he took his chances and descended.

Once below, the clatter of tongue became fainter, and like music heard afar, came the love song of a Spaniard up forward, who accompanied himself upon an instrument from which the mandolin of the present day has sprung.

Captain Drew quickly took in his surroundings and decided on his plan of action.

The door of the cabin was ajar, and thick smoke oozed from it.

In there he expected to see something that few good men around New York were anxious to gaze upon.

Through the haze of tobacco smoke he saw several men seated at a table.

One was Jasper Renshaw, with a bandage over his left optic, having received some sort of injury during his encounter of the afternoon.

Next to him was a most repulsive looking man, with features that resembled the head of a wolf, against which the settlers of Long Island made war occasionally. That he was a red-handed pirate of some notoriety the looker-on never doubted—perhaps a Kew or a John Hoar.

Last of all he saw the man whose name had been branded as most infamous, no matter how little he merited the title.

Captain Kidd!

He had not the ferocious, cruel look of the brute next him—indeed, one would not imagine that this could be the epitome of all that was evil, the man whose name people spoke with a shudder—there was even a touch of sadness on his face, Captain Drew thought, as though he foresaw the end of his sailing near, as though the gibbet haunted his dreams.

In such reckless company one could not preserve this humor long, and presently the skipper of the loaded pirate vessel was drinking and laughing with the rest, while beyond the door ajar, the agent of the Crown watched.

(To be continued next week.)

In the Wrong Office.

Caller—We are very rich, and we wish to marry our daughter to a Count, a Marquis or a Duke.

Clerk (with dignity)—You are in the wrong office. This is a matrimonial agency. You will find the International Purchasing Agency two doors to the left.

Might Be of Use.

Mr. Softie—Is there anything I can do to prove my devotion?

Miss Beautie—Y-e-s, there is."

"Name it."

"When you call, bring some handsome and entertaining gentleman with you.—New York Weekly.

How He Got It.

De Bore—How did you catch your cold?

De Bristle—You know colds are contagious?

"Yes."

"Well, I caught it asking other people how they caught their colds."—New York Weekly.

McWork's Kindly Theory.

Mrs. McWork—Old Bullion is makin' gobs o' money. Phy shud he be wantin' to rejuce your wages?

Mr. McWork—Sure, Oi dunno. Maybe he do be thryin' to get rich enough to be a great pheelanthropist.

A VILLANELLE.

BY THOMAS TAAFFE.

It was but by chance,
  That in her gentle eye
I saw the love-light dance.

But an upward glance,
  Trusting, modest, shy—
It was but by chance.

I gazed as in a trance;
  Sure no one could deny
I saw the love-light dance.

A moment it enchants—
  'Tis gone, nor waits reply;
It was but by chance.

No smile, no look askance,
  Wherein, demurely shy,
I saw the love-light dance.

Spent is my brief romance.
  "Ah, yes," I heave a sigh,
"It was but by chance
  I saw the love-light dance."

MY LOVE CONSTANCE.

By MRS. E. BURKE COLLINS.

Author of "A Girl's Mistake," "A Deathless Love," "Her Fatal Folly," "A Gilded God," "Her Dark-Eyed Will," Etc.

["My Love Constance" was commenced in No. 2. Back numbers can be obtained of the agent, or by addressing the Chicago office. Price, five cents each.]

CHAPTER IX.

IN THE WHISPERING GALLERY.

Constance was face to face with her foe. A shudder ran over her as she caught the basilisk gleam in Percy Lawrence's eyes.

"My foe undreamed of, at my side.
  Stood suddenly—like fate;
To those who love the world is wide,
  But not to those who hate."

Again, that strange feeling of languor and lassitude overcame her! again, she felt his terrible power.

All was bustle and confusion about them. Porters hurrying along with trucks containing baggage; her companions de voyage hurrying about her; all bent on reaching their destination. During that pleasant voyage, the first the girl had ever taken, Agnes and herself had planned a tour of the continent. Their first objective point would be Italy. Their route thither via Paris, Marseilles, the Riviera, with stoppages at Nice, Monte Carlo and Geneva. She had hoped for such glorious days, spent under the blue Italian sky, whose sun kissed land was stored with such marvels of history and art. But now, slowly that awful spell seemed to hold her captive; then, with a wild burst of hope came the thought of Agnes. Agnes, whose wonderful power had saved her before. She closed her eyes for an instant to shut out that mocking face, and turned suddenly around, but no signs of her traveling companion. A great wave of desolation and loneliness came over her; she felt lost. This man's terrible spell was slowly overpowering her. No! she would not weakly submit. She would ask assistance from some one about her. Surely, they would defend a helpless girl. She half put out her hand beseechingly with a wild flash of hope, to the handsome, broad shouldered man who was just passing her. She recognized him as one of her fellow passengers, who had had a seat at the same table with her, and a few courteous remarks had passed between them on the voyage. He looked kind, and something in that strong, frank face won her confidence. Then, she drew back with a sort of shame. What would he think of her, almost [illegible] anger?

Percy [illegible] had never let his gaze fall for a moment. He saw her hesitation, and seemed to read her thoughts. He made a spring forward and clutched her arm with so savage a grasp that she uttered a cry of pain. At the sound, quick as a flash, the Englishman faced the two, and advancing demanded:

"What is the matter? Can I help you?"

"No!"

It was Lawrence who spoke.

"This lady is my wife."

"That is strange," said the young nobleman, Lord Harold Vivian, "for Miss Butrand and I were fellow passengers upon the steamer. You are hurting the lady, and I will not allow it."

Constance looked up with grateful eyes. How noble and chivalrous he was, and how quickly he had understood her mute appeal for help.

"Strange—or not, I tell you—she is my runaway wife and I claim her!" retorted Lawrence, fiercely.

Lord Vivian looked with wonder upon the two before him; the man so savage, and yet with a ring of truth in his voice; the girl's face white and dispairing. What could he think? While he was hesitating he felt a slight touch on his arm from behind, and a low voice whispered in his ear:

"She is not his wife! Save her now, and I will explain all later. For Heaven's sake do not hesitate!"

He turned to see who had spoken. For a moment he saw a white earnest face, the face of Miss Butrand's traveling companion; and then, she disappeared among the passengers. But that piteous appeal moved Lord Vivian to decisive action. He would befriend Constance now, let the result be what it may. It all happened so quickly that Lawrence had not noticed the slight interruption, being occupied with Constance.

"Miss Butrand has asked for my protection and she shall have it. Come, Miss Butrand," turning to Constance and offering her his arm.

With a look of intense relief the girl was about to accept the proffered arm, but Lawrence was not to be balked of his prey. He sprang forward and was about to detain Constance forcibly, when the strong right arm of the Englishman shot out with no gentle force and Doctor Lawrence suddenly took an astronomical observation followed by a drop in the world and lay upon the pavement momentarily stunned; while Lord Vivian hurried Constance away; an odd thrill in his heart, from the touch of those clinging fingers on his arm. It was a new experience to handsome Lord Vivian, being knight errant to beauty in distress, but it was not an unpleasant one.

With a cry of relief Constance saw Agnes standing at her side.

"I came across the ocean to elude his persecutions. Oh! Lord Vivian, do you not know some way of escaping his vigilance? He is a terrible man, and I fear him, but not—with you——" with a sudden burst of gratitude.

In a few moments the trio went in a first-class apartment of a London-bound train. Lord Vivian with his usual precaution having feed the guard liberally for its private use. As the train steamed out of the long station, a man with an evil look of triumph upon his cut and swollen features pressed his face against the pane of a third-class carriage. It was the sleuth hound on their track.

Arriving in London they were driven to the Inns of Court Hotel, which Lord Vivian informed them was much frequented by Americans, and very quiet and select. Two ladies traveling alone could not have found a more delightful place of refuge. Lord Vivian left them, and the promise made by Constance and Agnes to remain in London for a short time made the day seem brighter to this peer of the realm.

Constance never forgot those days in London, they were a dream of delight. The mere sense of living was so delightful. The crisp air, the novel sights of this big Babylon, as the weather was exceptional, and Lord Vivian their constant companion.

"Oh! if only Agnes and Lord Vivian could be drawn together! Maybe fate would accomplish it. Oh! for Will, for Will! If he were only here; here by her side. Here—to show me these wonderful sights which I have so often longed to see, and now are an actual reality."

Yes—it was pleasant to view them, but the joy was not complete; it could not be—never again on earth, since Will—her darling, dark-eyed Will—was not at her side, to share the pleasure with her. There was always an aching sense of something wanting.

"With you away, the brightest day
Dear heart, goes by in vain;
I dare not dream what life would seem
If you came not again!"

But, where was Doctor Lawrence all this time? Since that time, some five days before, when Constance had been rescued from his power, she had not seen him. It was the serpent that had crossed her path and the very memory of this man, the knowledge that at any moment she might come face to face with him; they must go away. No matter how large London was, Agnes and she must flee the spot. They would go far away from this man to the south.

Constance had come alone late in the afternoon of a short winter's day to the grand old Cathedral of St. Paul's. She had climbed the tortuous stairs which led to the Whispering Galley in the dome, one of the interesting features of London. She was a trifle tired from the unusual exertion, and sunk wearily upon the circular marble seat which surrounds the dome. She closed her eyes as a sense of languor stole over her; her head fell back and rested against the marble wall. She slept. It could not have been but a few moments; when with a strange feeling of bewilderment, she opened her eyes. The scene had changed. Why, yes, of course, it must have been a dream for she saw Will—Will standing in the music room at Waring Park, and a lonely, dark-eyed dusky-haired girl by his side, looking into his eyes with adoring love. Then her white arms went about his neck, and she saw—good Heavens! could it be possible! a look of seeming answering tenderness in Will's beautiful dark eyes. Will, who was lost to her, and who was the husband of another; but not this woman! Who was she, this beautiful siren?

She aroused herself with a sudden start. The evening shadows were falling, and the little galley lay in gloom. She must make haste and return or Agnes would be alarmed—and fear the worst; for should she remain away for any length of time Agnes' fears would be aroused, and she would imagine that Constance had fallen again into Percy Lawrence's hands. Hark!—what was that? The sound of voices, how strange! There was no one in sight; she had believed herself quite alone. She looked from right to left, as far as her eye could take in the circular hemisphere of the little gallery. Her heart was laden with heaviness; her dream, or whatever it was, weighed heavily upon her mind, and filled her with forebodings. And her surroundings only augmented the feeling of desolation. So dim and grand; she felt a deep awe and solemnity. Again, that low whisper—the sound of voices. Gradually the meaning of the words came to her ears, and full comprehension to her senses.

"I tell you fifty pounds is what I will give to have my runaway wife in my power once more. It is well that I met you on this side of the Atlantic. What a small world this is, after all!"

"Agreed!" responded another voice. "If she is in London I will have her safely caged before long! Percy—you are a sharp one!"

"Percy!" "Runaway wife!" Like one mad with terror poor Constance fully recovered control of her faculties. She recognized that hateful voice—it was Lawrence—the man she hated, and who was her deadly foe. And yet, strive as she might, she could see no one. Where was he? She raised her head. Silence overcame with emotion, she let her head rest once more against the marble wall. Again, those voices reached her ears. It flashed over her with swift comprehension, the Whispering Gallery of St. Paul's. Why, of course. In the stress of conflicting circumstances she had forgotten. How could she escape without falling into Lawrence's hands? The door! oh, Heaven it was on the opposite side, the only means of exit, and he was near it. To the left or right—which? She could not tell and upon that one point hung her safety. For, by making a detour on her hands and knees, she might escape through the galley gloom without his knowledge. How dark it was getting! Surely there was a storm brewing. Crouching upon the hard stone floor she began to creep slowly along with a wildly beating heart. The inner marbel rail which [illegible] some three feet from the floor of the [illegible] circular chamber and affords protection to visitors from possible falls into the [illegible] [illegible] her [illegible] [illegible] sound of the voice [illegible]. She had chosen the wrong direction. At that moment, a vivid flash of [illegible] lit up the dome. She was lost!

CHAPTER X.

"WITHIN THY GATES."

Will Waring stooped over the prostrate figure in the snow, with a wild fear tugging at his heart strings.

A woman! A woman lying in the snow drift at his feet, with her white face upturned to the snowy sky, the eyes closed and a mass of dark hair escaping in wild profusion from beneath the little black velvet hat. Over the still figure, old Carlos, the mastiff, stood barking furiously.

"Carlos!" called his master, softly, "be quiet, old fellow! Who—who is it?"

For his keen eye had caught a glimpse of the flowing dark hair, and a wild, mad thought rushed unbidden to his heart.

What if it were Constance! His Constance, who had left him so strangely, so mysteriously, and who had never explained or tried to set the trouble right. Constance, upon whose love and faith and trust he had staked all—all his life, all his happiness; and she had failed him. Where was she tonight? Or—the wild thought, which was born of hope, rushed over his heart again, if it could be Constance indeed, who lay here in the snow before him, with old Carlos barking and whining over her silent form!

Will lifted the quiet figure in his arms, and followed by the faithful dog, he bore the woman into the house. In the entrance hall he laid her down upon a low, soft couch which stood there, while Amy hastened to inquire what had happened, and in a dozen words he told her.

Panting with eager excitement, moved by the mad hope in his heart, Will tore aside the veil which shrouded the face of the woman, and his eager eyes devoured the features before him. A stranger! A beautiful face, indeed, but one that he had never before beheld. Delicately chiseled features, with a small, curved mouth and dimpled chin; immensely long, dark lashes swept the pearly cheeks, and the wealth of hair flowing over her shoulders was very dark—almost black. A beautiful woman, truly, but not the one he sought; not the woman whom he had wedded and who had disappeared from his home so mysteriously. He uttered a moan of pain. Somehow, some subtle instinct seemed to warn him that the woman before him would bring to bear some influence upon his life which would leave an impress there.

Amy, moved by tender compassion for a sister woman, was bending over the still figure, chafing the cold hands and feet, removing the outer garments soaked and wet with melted snow, and forcing some brandy between the pale lips. After a time, the stranger opened her eyes, great dark, melting orbs, with a look of sadness in their depths.

"Where am I?" she faltered, feebly. "Aunt Grove, are you here? I—I felt myself failing, and the snow was so deep—and I am afraid of the snow and the cold. Tell me"—she struggled to a sitting posture and gazed into Amy's face with great, bewildered, dark eyes—"tell me how I came here? I remember toiling along the road from the city, and then entering a gate, then the snow drifts blockaded my way, and I am not used to snow, for I came from Cuba—my home is in Havana—and I was chilled to the bone, and fell. I must have fainted, for the next thing I remember, you were bending over me with your heavenly face and kind eyes. God bless you for your goodness. But I must hasten on to my journey's end. I only arrived in the city yonder this morning. I came on the Sea King from Havana. I am going to Waring Park, to my Aunt Ellen Grove."

Amy started in surprise. Ellen Grove! Why, that was Constance's old companion, Mrs. Grove, who had left Waring Park soon after Amy was re-instated in her proper place in her childhood's home. Mrs. Grove had declared that since her services were no longer required, she would not be a burden to her kind friends and so had gone to Philadelphia, where she was living now.

"Mrs. Grove!" repeated Amy in amazement. "Mrs. Grove your aunt? I have heard her speak of you, for she says you are her only remaining relative, you are at Waring Park, and if you are her niece, then you must be——"

"Sybilla Hurst is my name," intervened the stranger, hastily. "Oh, tell my aunt I am here, for I long to meet her! We have never met, though I believe my aunt saw me when I was an infant. I am a lonely, friendless orphan, now—and only 23. It is a sad thing to be friendless and alone."

"It is, indeed," sighed Amy, "but I must tell you that your aunt has left Waring Park and is living in Philadelphia. You had better remain here for the present, and get rested and strengthened. Your experience in the snow will perhaps prevent your traveling for a time, and you can stay right here at Waring Park until you are able to go on to meet your aunt. I will write her at once, and let her know you are here."

"Thank you—thank you for your kindness, and the gentleman who so kindly and nobly rescued me. He—is he your husband?"

"Oh, no, that is my brother, Mr. Will Waring. Will"—she added, turning to the young man, who stood moodily staring into the fire at the other end of the long hall. He came forward as his sister spoke his name.

"This lady is Mrs. Grove's niece, Miss Sybilla Hurst—my brother, Mr. Waring."

The introduction accomplished, Will felt a strangely uneasy sensation, a feeling which he could not define. It seemed as though the woman before him, in some strange and inexplicable fashion, was connected with his own life, his own sad experience. Yet, he knew that he had never met her before. Amy went on, softly—her eyes upon the beautiful face of the stranger:

"You must remain here for the present; you are far from well; and we will send for Mrs. Grove to come and meet you. We will be glad to see her."

A swift shadow crossed the perfect face of Sybilla Hurst; the small hands, lying against the black surge gown which she wore, trembled perceptibly; she looked troubled and uneasy.

"Very well," she returned, in a low tone; "you are exceedingly kind, Miss Waring."

"Mrs. Waring," corrected Amy, softly. "My husband was named Waring, also; he was my cousin. And now, Miss Hurst——"

"Call me Sybilla."

Amy's face flushed.

"Oh, no; I could hardly presume so far upon so short an acquaintance," she said, "but I will show you to your room. You shall occupy the same sleeping apartment that belonged to your aunt. And I will write her at once, so that she can come the day after tomorrow, the very earliest date possible."

"Thank you—thank you, Mrs. Waring. How kind and considerate! But, really, I"—hesitatingly—"my trunk is at the Lenox House in the city," she added, deprecatingly.

"I will send for it in the morning," said Amy, "and in the meantime, you are welcome to anything of mine that you wish."

"I can never thank you enough for your kindness," cried the girl, eagerly, and her voice held a soft, purring accent like a well-satisfied feline just ushered into warmth and comfort from the chilly darkness outside. "No, Mr. Waring, that will not be necessary," she added, with a flush, as Will stepped forward to assist her up the stairs to her room. "Nothing ails me but fatigue and the effects of swooning out in the snow."

"You would have frozen to death before morning!" cried Will, vehemently. "Oh, it was providential that I heard Carlos bark and went out to see what was the matter. I tremble to think of what might have been the consequences."

"But for you!" she said, softly, almost in a whisper; and for a brief moment her white hand lay in his. Amy had gone to acquaint her father with the news of the unexpected guest, and for the moment Sybilla Hurst and Will were alone. He held her hand for a moment—but in that moment a strange feeling that something was wrong took possession of Will Waring's heart. A man of subtle instincts, [illegible] feeling, and [illegible] influenced by [illegible], was he; but he had an immense amount of common sense and good clear judgment, and was not apt to be led astray by the wariest Jezebel on earth. And greater than all else, he had the safeguard and shield of a wondrous love, a mighty love—the love of his life. It stood between him and all possible temptations, it made his sunshine, and kept his faith alive. Just to know that Constance loved him wherever she might be was enough to keep his heart from starving; and that she did love him, would never cease to love him, no matter how widely they were severed, Will Waring did not doubt. He felt that she had been misled and in her rashness, her jealousy, poor Constance had hidden herself away from his sight, away from his home; but he never for a moment ceased to believe in her love for him. Ever and always he pictured her in his mind as grieving over him, loving him, true to him, never wavering in that love and trust, and some day, some time, God would be good to him and tell him where she was and let him have his darling back to his heart and home once more. If it were not for that hope, that belief, I think Will Waring would have lain down the burden of life. So, no wiles of the sorceress could trouble or affect his love—could stir his heart. He assisted Miss Hurst up the staircase to the door of the room once occupied by Mrs. Grove; then, with a courteous good-night, he left her and went to join his father below, while Amy, having seen her guest made comfortable and first insisting that she partake of some refreshment, also went down to the drawing-room.

"She is really a beautiful girl," Amy remarked to her father, as she prepared to write a few lines to Mrs. Grove to acquaint her with the arrival of her niece, of whom they had all heard Mrs. Grove speak. "I shall be glad to have her here for a while, for it is sad and lonely here, and Will looks utterly heart broken. I wish he would go out into the world a little and see people, and not be so sad and lead so retired a life."

Alone in the pretty room assigned her, Miss Sybilla Hurst stood before the large mirror and gazed with approving eyes upon the reflection of her own beautiful face. A look of exultation crossed her features, and her eyes shone like stars.

"You have made a bold stroke, my dear," she said, in a sibilant whisper, apostrophizing herself, "and it will go badly with you if you do not succeed. 'Possession is nine-tenths of the law'—well, we shall see! Go in, my dear Sybilla—go in and win!"

Two days afterward a letter came from Mrs. Grove in reply to the one which Amy had written. It announced that the old lady was very ill with rheumatic fever, and could not visit Waring Park, and the physician had forbidden her to see anybody.

"If you will kindly write my dear Sybilla to remain at Waring Park until my health improves," wrote Mrs. Grove's amanuensis, "I will be very glad, and hope soon to receive her here."

Of course, this was speedily arranged.

And then Miss Sybilla Hurst heard the news that Mr. Stephen Waring had kindly invited her to remain, there was a flash of triumph in her deep dark eyes, and under her breath she whispered, exultantly:

"I am the most fortunate of women! Fate has played into my hands; I will never leave Waring Park until I have won Will Waring's heart."

(To be continued next week.)

Subjects for Thought.

Christianity is an every-day life that involves every deed; it is not primarily, the rule of a mystical faith which blossoms into holiness on Sunday and into sin on Monday. This rule is an old wine-skin, and the new wine of Christ cannot be holden of it. A larger and better conception of the meaning of the life and teachings of Jesus is to enter into the hearts and lives of the new and rising generations; and in this was is earth to be lifted heavenward, man becoming one with God.

Friendship is seldom lasting but between equals, or where the superiority on one side is reduced by some equivalent advantage on the other. Benefits which cannot be repaid and obligations which cannot be discharged are not commonly found to increase affection; they excite gratitude, indeed, and heighten veneration, but commonly take away that easy freedom, and familiarity of intercourse without which, though there may be fidelity, zeal and admiration, there cannot be friendship.

Attachment must burn in oxygen or it will go out; and by oxygen I mean a mutual admiration and pursuit of virtue, improvement, utility, the pleasures of taste, or some other interesting concern, which shall be the element of their commerce, and make them love each other, not only for each other, but as devotees to some third object which they both adore.

That our life is a trust—that we exist, not mainly for happiness, but for service—are truths which can be established at a very early age. Little children can be taught to love and to help one another, until what may at first have been self-sacrifice becomes a pleasurable duty. They should also be taught that true self care tends to the same end.

You cannot go through life, no matter how humble your sphere, without being called upon many times to decide whether you will be true or false to honor and duty. Duty and honor must go hand in hand—there can be no divorce between these words. You can make your lives useful, beautiful, and noble. You can make them worthless and contemptible.

A ship on the broad, boisterous and open ocean needeth no pilot. But it dare not venture alone on the placid bosom of a little river, lest it be wrecked by some hidden rock. Thus it is with life. It is not in our open, exposed deeds that we so much need the still voice of the silent monitor, as in the small, secret, everyday acts of our life.

Wise Sayings.

By annihilating the desires you annihilate the mind. Every man without passions has within him no principle of action, nor motive to act.—Helvetius.

No man can make a speech alone. It is the great human power that strikes up from a thousand minds that acts upon him and makes the speech.—Garfield.

It is continued temperance which sustains the body for the longest period of time, and which most surely preserves it free from sickness.—W. Humboldt.

But the day is spent, and stars are kindling in the firmament, to us how silent, though, like ours, perchance, busy and full of life and circumstance.—Samuel Rogers.

Begin with small things. It is but pride and self-will which says, "Give me something huge to fight, and I should enjoy that; but why make me sweep the dust?"—Charles Kingsley.

Let my experience supply your want [illegible] it, and clear your way, in the [illegible] of your youth, of those thorns and briers which scratched and disfigured me in the course of mine.—Chesterfield.

All fear is painful, and when it conduces not to safety, is painful without use. Every consideration, therefore, by which groundless terrors may be removed, adds something to human happiness.—Johnson.

The great thing in observation is not to be influenced by our preconceived notions, or what we want to be true, or by our fears, hopes or any personal element, and to see the thing just as it is.—John Burroughs.

Regularity in the hours of rising and retiring, perseverance in exercise, adaptation of dress to the variations of climate, simple and nutritious aliment, and temperance in all things are necessary branches of the regimen of health.—Mrs. Sigourney.

If asked what is the remedy for the deepest sorrows of the human heart, to sustain a man under trials and enable him manfully to confront his afflictions, we must point him to something which, in a well-known hymn, is called "the old, old story," told of in an old, old book, which is the greatest and best gift ever given to mankind.—Gladstone.

Strict Rules.

The following notice posted in a foreign hotel seems arbitrary to the lovers of freedom; but it evidently seeks to insure the comfort of the mass rather than that of the individual. Thus it runs:

"For your polite observance: Each guest on his entrance must conduct himself with due decorum; he must make no noise, nor hold any conversation in a loud tone of voice. Whoever desires to remain herein is to be seated. If he should not be able to find a seat, then it it quite clear that there is no place for him, and he must immediately withdraw. In no circumstances must any any person stand about the room. Also, for a person to roam about from one room to another is strictly forbidden. Each guest must remain in the seat he elected to sit on his entrance into this room."

He Couldn't, Really.

Sam—Let me have a twenty for a week, can't you, old fellow?

Robert—Why don't you raise it on that diamond ring?

Sam—Well, you see, it was presented to me by my dead wife, and I wouldn't like to give it up.

Robert—Same here; my money was presented to me by my dead father, and I don't like to give it up, either.

Damages Not Fully Ascertained.

"May I ask how much those snipe cost?" inquired the sarcastic acquaintance.

"A $30 suit of clothes and several patches of skin," answered the man with the shotgun and the sun-burnt nose, who was making his way home through the back alleys. "I got caught between a barbed wire fence and a farmer's bulldog."

Makes Pure Blood

These three words tell the whole story of the wonderful cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla. When the blood is impure it is fertile soil for all kinds of disease germs, and such troubles as scrofula, salt rheum, rheumatism, catarrh, grip, and typhoid fever are likely to appear.

Weak nerves indicate as surely as any physical symptom shows anything, that the organs and tissues of the body are not satisfied with their nourishment. They draw their sustenance from the blood, and if the blood is thin, impure or insufficient, they are in a state of revolt. They demand

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Purifies the blood and thus cures these diseases by removing their cause. No other preparation has ever accomplished the remarkable cures which have followed the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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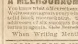

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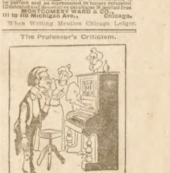

Miss Bargains—Come, Professor, and try my new piano.

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HIS COMING.

BY LUCIA A. RANDALL.

Oh, he often knew we're weary
Until the hurry, race, and strife,
And he comes to bring us rest.
For the lighter, better life
Oh we lift our hearts and say,
I am waiting for your coming
Blessed Jesus, night and day.

For the glorious returning
Of the Lord to reign on earth,
Our hearts are ever yearning
When our faith will change to sight,
Heaven's King and Master's glory
Coming down to earth once more.
Oh, the sweetness of the story,
Let us read it o'er and o'er.

Like a bridegroom he is coming
Ransomed souls will be his bride.
Are your lamps trimmed and burning,
That we may with him abide
In the mighty marriage hall
Jeweled walls and streets of gold,
Where the Lamb is all in all,
Holy forever in his fold?

No more going out forever
No more sorrow, no more tears,
Death and pain can have no power
Through the God eternal years.
Oh, the glory of the meeting
When our bridegroom the Lamb King
We will meet the long lost loved ones
Waiting there for you and me.

DENOUNCED BY THE DEAD

OR,

DAN, THE AMERICAN.

Translated From the French Expressly for the Chicago Ledger.

By ISABEL CARRIBON.

"Denounced by the Dead" was begun in No. 5. Back numbers may be procured of the agent or by writing to the editor, Chas. Bowen-Conkey.

CHAPTER XI.

DOCTOR MARIEN'S PATIENTS.

Then the Canadian hillside, hitherto bare and cheerless, began to assume a more cheerful appearance.

Soon as it had been known that a railway pavilion had taken place a few miles below, every one who could get away from the disagreeable cloud, had been thrown open to receive the wounded.

Mme. Lajeunesse, in Norman cap and dress, presiding over the best cook among them, with its thatched roof, yellow door, and heavy white-washed walls, looked the prototype of many another housewife in past days, a home in the midst of her surroundings, the rustling fields of ripening grain supplying the place of the sea, and the sweet scent of the air that of a garden. Her neat kitchen, that came freighted with patterns of the Parisian fashion-world, and the newest and cleanest ordered, had been thrown open to receive the wounded.

The wooden-shutters were only half closed, and Michael Lajeunesse, who was sort of trying to soften the glare of something passing through them on the side of the village physician drove up to the door.

The two Sisters had made good preparations for this visit, and had a dozen beds ready, some of the neighborhood women offering to do the laundry of Madame Lajeunesse's sick guests, but refusing to accept any pay for the trouble.

They were willing, however, to believe the poor lady was a victim to a mere caprice, suddenly unknown to them, as Doctor Marien was an unmistakable invalid.

There was not among the number of those who surrounded the bed of the wounded Doctor Marien, but privileged with the kissing and ministering to the necessities of the sick women whose fine features and flashing jewels bespoke her a member of the class of society who paid well for the services rendered.

"Oh, my dear, have you found out who the poor lady is?" asked Mme. Lajeunesse, eagerly.

"Not yet. Her clothes is marked with a cross and the letters 'M.-V.' that is all I can ascertain. But I am sure her purse will soon be on the lookout for her, and, besides, I have sent to the village to send and tell us herself as soon the effect of the knock and soothing medicine I have given her has worn off. I will by your leave, call Dagmar, as well as she."

The young man at Dagmar's at the last the idea was a comparatively insignificant one, and he had not the slightest objection to the visit of Doctor Marien's patient.

"The poor fellow risked, and possibly will lose his life in his generous action to save the little young lady's life. We took him bleeding and fainting from the wreck which had made his way through flames to him. Of course we will do all we can for him, and I can tell us herself, when the effect of the knock and soothing medicine I have given her has worn off. I will by your leave, call Dagmar, as well as she."

"Certainly, come along mother. I dare say you are right, and we must do all we can for a great while you are here," she said.

"Yes, indeed," said three of the guests at once and Madam Arbelot, who was Doctor Farmer Dagmar's, while Doctor Marien was an old friend of the family, added his assistant.

"I'll have Dagmar's light tear between the young man of whom the Doctor spoke and the young woman in question. The well-dressed lady he had noted, and whom had said was the mother of the latter, was very ready to see that effort was made to save the life of the young man, and the fellow naturally ran from Marien's room as soon as he could.

The result had been a confession of the latter. There were gentlemen upon his forehead, and he was the son of Madame Arbelot, the well-known lady of the village.

"Oh, yes, Yves! Yves! I shall kill you, if I can touch you! I'll kill you, I swear it! I will, it means death! by doctor, shall I strike? Shall I throw myself upon him and kill him in his bed with unnatural strength and fury? Shall I kill him? Shall I kill him? I would rise up from my bed of pain and be full round of his voice.

No deed the Doctor Marien could prescribe, had sufficient strength to calm the excited brain of the wounded man.

When he came out of his interview of Madame Arbelot, he was upon his feet, breathed convulsively in a groan. When he awoke it was only to rise again and repeat the same wild words: "Yves, my darling, shall I strike, shall I give the blow that will kill or save? Yves! Yves!"

One of the passengers of excitement was but one of the many, and he, indeed, was still calling on "Yves" when Mme Lajeunesse entered the living room of Farmer Dagmar's.

"Why you haven't an ounce of brains between you, Doctor," she said, "I'm sure that Yves that the young man raved about, must be the wounded Doctor's son, and you left him without being in, and I wouldn't for the least surprised to find out that she is the young lady in my house. Her name begins with Y, and that letter is marked on the linen of the bed. Now, you must go back at once! Heaven's grief! Suppose the baby love, Doctor Marien says she'll be well talking in a few days, and suppose that if she is, that young man and she shall meet! I'll die!"

CHAPTER XII.

THE WEDDING CEREMONY.

"Oh mischief shall not be allowed to enter into the souls of the desperate."

Doctor Marien's diagnosis of Madam Lajeunesse's anxiety was unfortunately not the correct one. Her recovery was rapid. Teeth and a vigorous constitution had brought her to a normal condition. The first day that she was able to receive visits, she was overcome that her patient would be informed of the condition of his patient down to the form of diagnosis, the physician, he treated such unusual interest, and asked him whether anything was left. But he Widow Lajeunesse herself upon the reticence of the physician, and the assurance that he would be well.

"What did I tell you, my fine Doctor? It takes a woman to know herself to be shrewd where affairs of sentiment are concerned, now here is that young woman in the delicacy love of the young man at Dagmar's, and she is not even aware of it herself. Oh, a stage whisper that the patient will be able to the trouble as the old Doctor Marien, the Doctor Marien the first!"

It mattered little to Madam de MonCrillon what the Paris coiffeur thought of her hair. There was but one object in life for her at present, and that was to find out the whereabouts of Dagmar.

After eight days and nights of restless efforts at the bedside of the raving invalid, Yves received the reassuring words from Doctor Marien's lips.

On the eve of the ninth day there came a gleam of reason in the expression of the eyes of the sufferer, and he asked for water.

Mme. Lajeunesse, who had not left the room, sat there, and her face was suffused with the warm hue of health.

"Oh, I shall die so happy! Hasten, my Yves, to bring me the news!"

The farmer's family were summoned. Although the physician had left Farmer Prevost, who had heard every word that had been spoken, and who had been a witness to the scene, received a second request to attend taking Aimée's hand Yves's hands, he asked the necessary questions and heard the responses which established his daughter's eldest Aimée, and Yves to twenty-three, I pronounce you—man and wife."

CHAPTER XIII.

A SUDE AWAKENING TO LOVES

"O the sweet folly of life is a fool's Pardise—
Swinburne.

The struck upon the railway near Quebec

"My God! What is to be done?"

was a nine days' taste of universal interest and excitement. The wounded Doctor Marien, who was also a sufferer, was the unhappily was expressed for the victims of the accident.

At the Windsor Hotel, Montreal, where Madame de Mon Crillon was domiciled, the hotel clerk who had shown her the railway list, and who had pointed out the name of Lulu St. John, had forgotten all his usual new holidays.

There was no other hotel official sufficiently talented in or conversant with French to be able to converse with the remark of the accident in the French mail and the consequent excitement in the "Queen-Victoria" apartments.

The old steward was exceedingly communicative to the excited Frenchwoman, for it was not strange that her mistress, who was dashing greatly about the country that she be silent and prolong her sojourn at the Windsor, should be interested in the accident before the young woman should arrive in America.

Lulu St. John, a great rioter, and medicine-men in rural districts are both apt now and then to be summoned in haste.

When the learned Doctor Marien and the young physician, Dr. Dagmar, arrived, one of the good ward-women who had been sent back-and at Dagmar's. It must be admitted that the physician's first impressions there were talking about. The ceremonies of the day had been of the most elaborate all times, and are occasionally gifted with a certain amount of pomp.

The farmer's daughter had been the cynosure of all eyes, and she occasionally gifted with a certain amount of pomp.

It was only now that the excitement had ceased, running down the stairs in listen to the news.

"I could have met her by yonder with a kiss, and a word of welcome on my lips, and mine," but a minute out of eternity's sight, and I am lost to her!

My God! what is to be done? Oh, cruel temptation, oh God! No one will know that I have met her, and have secretly left her. No one will know! Oh, poor wounds, no one will know that I have met her, and that you have had me from me, so cruelly torn from me, and that I have left you to your love, my judge of my sin! You will not betray me, will you, my love, my poor wife to come?"

The young physician sprang the bed-mounted and fell upon his knees, and his face was pressed upon the counterpane.

He was a man of strong will, and he was not one to be overcome by his emotions, but the temptation was too great.

Yves, his wife! Yves, his love! Yves, his darling! Yves, his own!

"Oh, that I had strength to speak the truth to her! Oh, that I had the courage of my character. What will he say to me? What words of blame will he utter to me? What have done? He looked down at the face of the sleeping girl, and he saw that it was flushed, hot, and he touched it an agony of remorse. He had left her in a fever, and he was now her nurse, her husband!

Well had it been for both, if that "truth" had been spoken, and the hand would have broken her lover's tortures of flame, that had been laid upon her brow in the fever of delirium, and the fever of the soul of that sinful marriage!

Aimée's emaciated arms were around him in a loving embrace, and her head rested upon her bright hand. There was no doubting now, for her lips murmured:

"You know, my Yves, that I am going to be your wife.

"You shall not leave this room, is stronger than death, and I know your love is stronger than that. Yves, my darling," she repeated, "Yves, my darling!"

Then she said: "This is no dream, is it, Yves?"

There were the only words heard in the room.

Aimée's emaciated arms were around him in a loving embrace, and her head rested upon her bright hand. There was no doubting now, for her lips murmured:

"You know, my Yves, that I am going to be your wife.

"You shall not leave this room, is stronger than death, and I know your love is stronger than that. Yves, my darling," she repeated Yves, "Yves, my darling!"

Then she said: "This is no dream, is it, Yves?"

There were the only words heard in the room.

"Oh, I shall die so happy! Hasten, my Yves, to bring me the news!"

The farmer's family were summoned. Although the physician had left Farmer Prevost, who had heard every word that had been spoken, and who had been a witness to the scene, received a second request to attend taking Aimée's hand Yves's hands, he asked the necessary questions and heard the responses which established his daughter's eldest Aimée, and Yves to twenty-three, I pronounce you—man and wife."

CHAPTER XIII.

A SUDE AWAKENING TO LOVES

"O the sweet folly of life is a fool's Pardise—
Swinburne.

The struck upon the railway near Quebec

"My God! What is to be done?"

was a nine days' taste of universal interest and excitement. The wounded Doctor Marien, who was also a sufferer, was the unhappily was expressed for the victims of the accident.

At the Windsor Hotel, Montreal, where Madame de Mon Crillon was domiciled, the hotel clerk who had shown her the railway list, and who had pointed out the name of Lulu St. John, had forgotten all his usual new holidays.

There was no other hotel official sufficiently talented in or conversant with French to be able to converse with the remark of the accident in the French mail and the consequent excitement in the "Queen-Victoria" apartments.

The old steward was exceedingly communicative to the excited Frenchwoman, for it was not strange that her mistress, who was dashing greatly about the country that she be silent and prolong her sojourn at the Windsor, should be interested in the accident before the young woman should arrive in America.

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TO CONTRIBUTORS.

We are not in need of short stories, sketches or poems, and do not desire to receive such matter. We are in need of a good serial story of a temperance character. Such a story must be sent to us.

Capt. Paul.

Kidd, the Pirate.

Capt. Kidd's last cruise.

The Sea Robbers of New York.

The most thrilling story of the sea ever published.

If in full of startling situations, and is filled with a love story of great interest.

"Capt. Paul" is from the pen of St. George Rathborne, the famous author of "Yankee Jack" and other popular stories.

Next year, in April, Mexico will begin the four great fairs which are to be held in that country. An effort is making to secure exhibits from all parts of the United States.

David Christie Murray prides himself on being able to write a story on any subject in five weeks. Now let him strike higher and write a first-class novel instead of three or four columns in the same time.

As late as 1872 the Chinese Emperor refused to notice the salutation of foreign ambassadors, or to receive them in any more except to their knees. China has changed a good deal since then in the old Confucianistic fashion.

Mr. George Gould spent $400,000 in his foreign yachting cruise, an average of $10,256 a day. As he was away for the last two years, Mr. Gould could get a similar article of living by starting a daily newspaper in a large city.

All doors by open to welcome some literary genius, who will be the first to educate diffusion. On the heels of his last triumph the Peabody Academy was rewarded from the Vatican that he request for an audience with the Pope will not be granted.

The Emperor of Germany sent a copy of his poem to the Queen of Italy in recognition of "a similar deed in good cause." The Queen had only added, "in a magazine." The temperance movement in the Emperor will move deeply.

Sixty-three years ago Daniel Webster had been appointed Secretary of State in the United States. Within a few days he had succeeded what that body ever before, his position was vacated by the assistant bookkeeper. Mr. Barnett knows a great deal about the Senate as it was and is, but he will not tell it all.

The city of Charleston, S. C., has decided to purchase a fine old mansion on the Cooper river for a public park, and to construct an avenue 80 feet wide between the city and this pleasure ground for the people. The Charlestonians have never less faith in their town, though much is to be accomplished to equal Augusta, Ga., flood and hurricane.

You dominoes already realize that there is no family that is not in which which prints every week as much freshness, originality and variety as the Old Cap Ledger. Now, look through this issue and see how much is to be read and relied, each one dealing with a subject entirely different from the other. Read "Capt. Paul," by that most famous of sea writers, Rathborne, then finish with his a thrilling story of life on the ocean and on land. Then read "Kidd, the Pirate Kidd; "My Love Confesses," by Mrs. E. Burke Collins, a most charming love story; "Golden, a strong story pure and simple, and "Sea Robbers of New York," a most exciting narrative of adventure and mystery by the Dead," translated from the French expressly for the Chicago Ledger. Isabel Garrison, is a wonderful story of life on two continents, dealing with the dark side of life now and then, but brightened by the true and faithful of honest hearts; "Found Guilty," by Emma Howard Wight, one of the most talented authors of the day, is an intensely interesting story of circumstantial evidence; "The Dispatch Bearer" is a love story of the war, dealing with the thrilling events connected with the battle of Gettysburg and the siege of Richmond. A splendid lot of stories!

HONEYSUCKLE.

BY RACHEL HUNTING FOOR.

On my lattice gaily twining,
Decked with dew-drops softly shining,
Bright and fair,
Honey blossom! How I love to
As the early beams caress it,
Newly born!

Oh! the lily blooms sedately,
And the rose is proud and stately,
Rich and rare,
But the sweetest blossom ever
Is the honeysuckle's sweetness
Of the year.

Its slender vine shades
Refer and cool to grace a palace,
Such a cot,
While it sends its balmy-scented,
Fancy dream is ever contented
With its lot.

It bears the smallest twitter
Of the birds, the gentle flutter
And the caught strain he utters
Of the bee.

Little blossom, ever arrayed in
Is, in spite of a shadow's fading,
Fair to see.

Who for a home would choose
By his pretty ways and shoes
And his dress?

A MIRAGE OF MURDER.

BY HOWARD MARKLE HOKE.

Pacific street starts in the slums, and runs through the tenements. The house number upon it is 863, and the house with that number is a tenement. It is old. It stands, thereore, exactly half way between the two ends of the street named. At the time of the occurrence herein to be related, it was the most popular boarding place for spue by Mrs. James Prowitt, whose husband kept a saloon made her keen and wary. Her guests were of all classes and conditions, ranging from the lower street frequently to occupants of the floors that were decended from the gentility of the avenue.

One October morning a young man appeared at the breakfast table who was by no means a fair specimen of the boarders who usually sat down to the table. He was a handsome young man, and his appearance was in striking contrast to that of the other occupants of the room. He was dressed with a degree of elegance that was unusual in the locality, and his manner was that of a gentleman. He was a stranger to all. It was noticed by the other boarders that he was given the seat of honor at the head of the table, and that Mrs. Prowitt herself waited upon him. Her husband, who usually presided at the head of the table, was relegated to the foot, and was forced to be content with the scraps that were left after the wants of the stranger had been supplied.

The stranger's name was Jorge, Jay Morgan, and he was a traveling salesman for a wholesale house. He introduced himself to the boarders as he sat down to breakfast, and then he devoted himself to the entertainment of Mrs. Prowitt. He was a handsome man, and he was a good talker, and he was evidently a favorite with the lady of the house. Her husband, who was a jealous man, noticed this fact, and he noticed also that the stranger was in the habit of calling for Mrs. Prowitt when he came home to his meals, and that he always had a word for her when he left the house. He was a man of few words, and he said nothing to his wife about his suspicions, but he watched her closely, and he watched the stranger closely.

Mr. Prowitt was a man of violent temper, and he was also a man of strong will. He was a man who, when he had once made up his mind to do a thing, would do it, no matter what the consequences might be to himself or to others. He had made up his mind that the stranger should not have his wife, and he had made up his mind that he would kill him if he found it necessary to do so in order to accomplish his purpose.

The stranger was a man of the world, and he knew how to play his cards. He was not long in finding out that Mr. Prowitt was a jealous man, and he was not long in finding out that Mr. Prowitt was a man who would stop at nothing to accomplish his purpose. He knew that Mr. Prowitt was watching him, and he knew that Mr. Prowitt was watching his wife. He knew that Mr. Prowitt was a man who would kill him if he found it necessary to do so in order to accomplish his purpose. He knew all this, and he knew that Mr. Prowitt knew that he knew it, and he knew that Mr. Prowitt knew that he knew that he knew it. He was a man of the world, and he knew how to play his cards.

Mr. Prowitt was a man of few words, and he was a man of action. He was a man who, when he had once made up his mind to do a thing, would do it, no matter what the consequences might be to himself or to others. He had made up his mind that the stranger should not have his wife, and he had made up his mind that he would kill him if he found it necessary to do so in order to accomplish his purpose. He had made up his mind to do all this, and he had made up his mind that he would do it in such a way that he would not be suspected of the crime which he was about to commit.

He knew that he was watched by the stranger, and he knew that the stranger was watched by his wife. He knew that the stranger knew that he knew it, and he knew that the stranger knew that he knew that he knew it. He knew that his wife knew that he knew it, and he knew that his wife

HOW GRANDMA DANCED.

Grandma told me all about it,
Told me all about the ball
How she danced—or grandma danced—
Long ago.

How he held her pretty head,
How her tiddy skirt she spread,
Outline little toes
How you'd mind her little toes—
Long ago.

Grandma's hair was bright and wavy,
Rimpled cheeks, too—all how funny!
Grandma's a pretty girl,
Long ago.

Guess her why, she wears a cap,
Grandma does, and takes a nap
Every night—oh! and yet
Grandma danced the minuet
Long ago.

Now she sits there, rocking, rocking,
Always smiling grandma's smiling
Through her specs at me and dad,
Long ago.

Yet her figure is so neat
I can almost see how
Stockings in her garters flew,
Long ago.

Grandpa says our modern jumping,
Skooning, rushing, whirling, bumping,
Would have shocked the gentle folk
Long ago.

No, they moved with stately grace,
Everything in proper place,
Sliding slowly forward, then
Slowly backward, hands again,
Long ago.

Yet her figure is so neat
I can see how now
Stockings in her garters flew,
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Slowly backward, hands again,
Long ago.

FOUND GUILTY.

A Story of Circumstantial Evidence.

By EMMA HOWARD WIGHT.

Author of "The Dungeon Millions," "My Husband," "Two Vendetta," "Agatha's Sacrifice," Etc.

"Found Guilty!" was announced in No. 3 Town meeting hall by the foreman of the jury, by addressing the Chicago officer. Then, the crowd said:

CHAPTER XVIII.

"THAT CHILLAH OF MINE!"

The crowd just within the great iron gates of the castle.

One was leaning a little forward, looking towards the shore, and the eyes and features of the gaiety threw into prominent relief the energetic repellence of her figure.

Her slender dark gown filled her closely, while the hue of her hair and the rich bloom of sunlight caught the voluptuous darker masses of her hair.

The new master of the shops who was coming slowly downward, as Lucretia passed—and a sudden gleam came into his passionate blue eyes.

Her face was turned away from him, but the perfection and voluptuousness of her figure were sufficient to arouse at once the admiration and the desire of any man.

He quickened his pace to overtake her, though was standing by her side.

His eyes on the rich and warm blue shadow rose of her gown and the beauty of her face, clearly outlined.

Then, with a smile, he spoke, citing his hat as he did so, with the air of a lord:

"Is there room for me in the carriage if you wish to use?" he asked. "Can I be of any assistance to you?"

She started slightly and turned her face towards him. A faint, scarcely visible flush crept to her cheek that it was so ready to appear.

Judy—was not the disagreeable, ill-natured, cantankerous but generous admiration. Mr. Argyle had in her prejudiced mind, but a dismal case for in her gloomy dissatisfaction with her self-imposed duties, she had not expected.

"I am waiting for Miss Cooper," she said, shortly. "I have not seen her, and I will say that I wish to speak to him."

"Miss Cooper," he replied, slowly, while his eyes looked deep down into hers. There was bold, magnificent power in his face, and eternity. "is no poor boarding-house keeper's daughter, and she knows how tough, 'Oh, no!'

"I hope he isn't your lover," he murmured, moving nearer to her.

"He isn't—he is not—he is not!" she said, with a sudden flash in her eyes, still more vivid and scintillating look.

"And if he were, what then?" he asked, with a slight shrug of the shoulders.

"I should not be here to speak with you," she answered, still in the slightly resentful tone. Mr. Argyle was quite right in his estimate as he leaned towards the earth as he stood beside her.

He caressed his eyes until he stood by Miss's side.

Arthur Kingsley drew back a little and looked at the two with a sneer on his lip. He had not seen Judy Argyle before, and he had to his age in grim silence and stern tenacity of purpose.

"Get out for me, my girl, and here I am," he said.

Both glanced covertly from one man to the other.

Never did class and wealth and position contrast more.

Mat with his great height and immense breath of shoulder and dark, picturesque face, and in his workman's clothing, and with the fire and grime of the shops upon him, and Arthur Kingsley, fair, slender, almost effeminately handsome, perfectly groomed and fitted in the height of the mode of fashion.

And a mix of passionate feeling which all the odds in the line eyes of Arthur Kingsley, and a look of hate in those of Mat Hogan as she turned her eyes upon him.

The next moment with a slight smile he was gone, and Arthur Kingsley stood by the side of Lucretia.

"Cousin!" he murmured in himself.

Miss Cooper cast a hasty glance, which was also contemptuous, after the slim, elegant form, as he walked over the grass to the carriage.

"What was he saying to you?" he asked.

She shook her head with a slight gesture. She was at the same time going thought fully after Kingsley.

"Perhaps cousin, that!" she exclaimed, pointing to the figure of Arthur, as he was getting into the carriage. "Happened to stop and to offer assistance."

"A little politeness," he said, with a sneer. "Lucretia, you are not going to be so foolish—You like him who go out of their way to be polite to you, because you are rich, and I am not rich."

"Don't you be angry about me on that score," she said. "I don't make of the rule that any man can take advantage of who happens to come along, but I didn't come here to marvel," she went on, emphatically, "and I don't see why you should be nothing but unreasonable.

"Oh, you're right about that," replied Mr. Kingsley, "I'm not reasonable. I'm raving with me seems to madness me and makes me rough and bad-tempered. If you would just tell me when you intend to marry me—"

"There, don't get to talking about that now," said Mary, smiling sweetly up into his face. It's hardly the place, and I am not in the mood for it. I only came down to ask you to come and go to church with me this afternoon to see Miss Virginia Dean married. I wanted to ask you last night, but you know how you went off in the huff."

Mat sulked.

He looked down with a sudden softness in his eyes upon the beautiful, upturned face.

"I grant I am pretty rough with you at times, my girl," he said, "But you torture me, Lucretia. I love you so madly that I am very jealous, and I am afraid that you thought beyond having you for my wife."

"Oh, I don't think I'll ever be that," she threw you go again. Tell me quick, will you go with me to the church?"

"You know I will," he replied.

And he took her hand and carried it to his lips and kissed it with eyes ardent, and then threw it away.

He stood within the gates wanting for her for a few moments.

The wonderful perfection of her form and the grace of her movements were fascinating him, and he could not take his eyes from her, even though he thought he had at all times in her beauty.

As she approached her ears to admire her, he muttered to himself, "She's beautiful, and they will be married, and Arthur Kingsley, he had after wonder, he shows me that I am nothing to her, and that she is only playing with me for the fun of the thing. But she's right, she can take care of herself, and if she can't, I am here to defend her every hour in that elegant fogey of him and I will make him sorry that he threw me off."

He clenched his great strong hands as he said this, and his face grew dark as night.

Then suddenly through the dirt and grime of his face there came a look of tenderness.

"My God!" he exclaimed, "that dress of mine is not fit for her to wear. I will go and change it."

Arthur Kingsley had gone only a short distance as he walked on the road between the two Carr who came out from the shops, Carr Hall and Carr Cottage, and the latter was nearing on when the latter stopped.

"Mr. Kingsley, sir," he said, "I am one of your fellow-workmen, as the gaiety," he added, with a laugh, "but I suppose that you tell me who she is?"

The man looked sharply forward and as his eye rested upon the couple at the gates he muttered a curse, and then he said, "I don't know, and I suppose to know that young girl's name would be a favor to me, Carr Cottage."

"Ah, indeed!"

Carr Cottager still smoke with that labored carelessness, but his eyes were sharp and keen, and they were fixed on Arthur Kingsley's face.

"She is a remarkably handsome young woman, sir," he said, "and the one to whom she is talking—he is her lover, I suppose?"

"Well, I guess you might call him that, Carr Cottager," said Arthur Kingsley, with a laugh.

"Then I suppose Kingsley merely out of the corner of his eyes.

"I was looking at this long time to get Nora to marry him," he added, "but the fellow is a fool, and he has no money, and he says he can wait, and I am enthusiast that she's a fool, too, and that she will wait for him, and I am going to tell him that Lucretia Cooper."

Arthur Kingsley made no reply to a remark. He was looking at the couple over which were watching him, saw the quick start with which Mat Hogan recognized him.

"If your pretty daughter has higher aspirations," he said, "I would advise you to look after her."

"Thank you, sir," replied Carr Cottager, and then individual chuckled to himself as he walked on.

"Aspirations, indeed! Nora's aspirations are not to be the out-and-out slavery, and I guess that's what she'll get if she marries Mat Hogan. Nora's a fool, but she's not that kind of a fool, and I'll be bound that Mat Hogan's love will be a terrible one."

He passed on his work and looked at the clock in the office.

"I have been all this time finding that out," he said, "and I'll be late for the meeting."

"Well, so, I can't say that I have," he said. "But I had my attention called to it by Mat Hogan, who is in love with Miss Kingsley, my master, he seemed to be very much interested in it."

"Mat was standing by the table and all the coarse clothes she held fell with a crash to the floor.

He was standing in me at the gates, Mat Hogan, and he was talking to Miss Kingsley, my master."

"To the devil with Mat!" said Carr, taking up the clothes again, and folding them carefully.

"What he is coming!" said Nora, warningly, and the next moment the door opened and Mat Hogan entered.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE BARRIER TO THE WEDDING-MORN.

It was Virginia Dean's wedding night.

An hour almost before the time set for the ceremony, and the church was filled.

And the greater part of those who filled it were the poor people of the village, who had known the young girl from childhood, and who had all their very best clothes on, and who looked with their beaming faces and their eyes filled with tears asking Heaven's blessing upon her head.

It was the latter part of October and a beautiful day, and the sunlight fell in a golden flood through the stained windows of the church with intense brilliancy, and the flowers were brilliant and fragrant.

A short time before the time set for the ceremony, Virginia Dean, the elder sister of the bride, and her husband's two, with Mrs. Kingsley, my master, he seemed to be very much interested in it."

"Mat was standing by the table and all the coarse clothes she held fell with a crash to the floor.

"

HOUSEHOLD DEPARTMENT

THE SAME OLD SONG.

Mothers, set at the restless-hearts
Fashion a song both soft and low,
Singing the babies to land on
Sleeping the babies to land on.
Always a lazy, loving cone
Humbled in sleepy undertone.

Town the baby snuggles to sleep—
Wynken, Blynken and Nod so neat,
Row with a kelk in town to keep
The twinkling star that rules a day.
Wee-ee, wee-ee, tune, long, ago,
The lullaby mother chanted low.

Wrong, she said, on the baby's brow
Shadows may write her wee war-dom
Smiles of his soul be pitpoth slow;
With his Nod-land's rubber-dub.
Wee-ee, wee-ee, tender and low,
Rocking the baby to end Tee.

Le-e-le, le-e-le, ever a hum
Like murmuring bee in the golden light;
Under the palm-tree mothers come,
Bringing the babies back at night.
Chanting the same old silvery flow,
Bringing the baby to land Tee.

Mothers, too with the wooly sheep,
Ay-ie, Ay-ie, crooned a song
And tell of the dust-man coming in,
Into the baby's room to fling
Atoms of dust to make him wink
And the breathed gently down to sink.

Wa-aa, wa-aa, ly-ie, ly-ie,
Never a song to stop the siren
Rose the tune of the long ago!
Out of the dream-land's heart it came,
Born of a sense that mothers know,
Blending the baby to land Tee.

Black or white, or bronze the hue,
Always one note sings through the land,
The sweetest song earth ever knew,
Hushing the babies to land Tee.
Mothers rest in the twilight glow
Are you the babies to land Tee?

Mothers, out of the motherheart,
Fashion a song that is sweet and low,
Always the same dear mother art,
Hushing the baby to land Tee.
Always a lazy, loving cone
Humbled in sleepy undertone.

Flower Sofa and Lace Bonnets.

The fancy for the beautiful of every kind it is the most becoming sack adornment the lace bonnet has yet worn is very popular are these dainty coquets of how-ers, chiffon and lace, for which the model made young person has stooped to wear a bonnet.

Some of the models forming are made of a plaited frill of black lace, with a deep, red rose caught in the orbit. The crown consists in front with dark-red ribbons, which form over the crescent to the back of the head.

The yellow lace so popular at present is also employed for the bonnet, and one of these lace-like ones is nearly made up composed of little bunches of violets. The flowers were sewed in a ribbon bandeau and encircled the neck, being finished in front with a knot of creamy Russian thread lace. An effective flower for the ball-dressing was made of a frill of white

THE BOA OF THE HOUR.

silk caught here and there with little clusters of black-eyed susans, fresh from the home dairy in two side-like bands, which are tied in a bloud to make loose stiff, and finished with one frills of one black lace.

With this model a large flat bonnet should be worn. A charming creation is a hat of white lace, with a large white ostrich feather crescent. By the way, lace bonnets are just coming into favor. Many of them are made entirely of lace, but others are combined with jet they are perhaps more fetching.

How to Breathe.

Bad habits of breathing are common among both the sick and the well. With many the daily occupation favors a stooping posture and sedentary habits—conditions inimical to deep breathing. Other causes, however, are to be found in the use of tight clothing, confined halls of short, shallow breathing, and mouth breathing, the habitual inability an insufficient expansion of the lungs.

Rapid and shallow breathing is strictly unphysiological, and is responsible for a large number of diseases, and part of the air in them unchanged.

Deep breathing strengthens and increases the muscles of the chest and the abdomen. The abdominal muscles greatly exercise the intestines, and on rhythm breathing depends the healthy action of the skin contributing to its healthful condition.

Persons who occasionally or continually suffer from sluggish action of the liver or brain may breathe. Almost all such persons breathe shallow. In them the expansive lack of lung power is inherited; in others, it is acquired. Whether it be one or the other, it is a fact that the lungs of a majority of human being delicacy superabundance a habit of shallow breathing. Even an occasional idea that the lungs are in this way favored.

The health of an organ depends largely upon a proper exercise of its function. Lungs are no exception to the rule, and especially are often, almost, if not entirely, chargeable as an antecedent cause of pneumonia. The air in the lungs is more likely to become affected with disease in this manner than in any other. Not only does it become vitiated by the carbonic acid gas, but the lung is fully engaged only on taking a deep inspiration. In the ordinary breathing this part of the lung is therefore seldom supplied; its exercise is important, and it is false more readily a prey to disease.

Many persons are extremely careful about the clothes and shoes, and in this regard are often as women. A tightly constructed shoe, whether it be boot or slipper, is perhaps not as harmful to the lungs as is other adjustment of the body.

Bread and Butter Dances.

Bread and Butter dances have been revived by women of Australia. The idea is mainly to revive the simpler entertainments, that the entire result of the dance may be given for charitable purposes. This is commendable, but it seems effect by another name would smell as sweet. Why not call it a dance, and not a bread and butter entertainment? Such a name would be a misnomer, and would not attract the people. Call it a dance, and they will come. Call it a bread and butter entertainment and a very great many will stay away. Some of the bread and butter dances, while cutes garlanded walls and chairs, and the women all wore an apron of the same. The men wore a white rose in the button hole. Refreshments were served in harmony with the spirit of the entertainment.

Cream Instead of Butter.

Plain cakes—Two eggs, two cups sugar, two cups sweet cream, when it thick is not necessary, or that taken from the cream's a cup of sour cream will do, one cup of milk, a scant teaspoonful of salt, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Flavor to taste. Do not mix too stiff as they dry up quickly.

"HELP!"

A WOMAN'S DESPAIRING CRY.

It Is Heard. A Prominent Actress Escapes Great Danger.

[Special to the Lady Readers.]

How startling is a woman's cry for help!

What can I do? Where shall I go? She knows not. Then day by day from every city, town and hamlet in the land it comes from women who are suffering tortures of body and mind from a form of female complaint which medical science cannot cure, but will positively overcome.

Dr. Pinkham's genius has enabled him to give to every woman a sure and positive remedy.

Every woman should know where and how to obtain free advice. She can obtain it gratuitously in Mrs. Pinkham's own handwriting, and will be answered promptly. Read a few letters from Mrs. Pinkham, and see how she advises faithfully in everything. Thank you, Mrs. Pinkham, for your knowledge and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me.

When you write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., and procure a free book full of information that every woman should know about herself.

RECIPES.

How to Make Cake.

"Young housekeepers often exhibit difficulties in the making cake. The pastry flour, fine sugar, fresh eggs, and sweet butter. Flour has an all material for making the cake ready, so there will be no need at the cake resting after you begin to measure butter, sugar and flour; for sugar, measure the same as flour, but be sure to sift before measuring. Sift the flour and measure, adding powder in and sift, the flour once more measure the same as before and sift again until thoroughly mixed, unless otherwise stated in the recipe. The secret of spongecake not as rich as possible after the flour is added. Bake in a moderate oven for about an hour. Test with a straw which when they are thick; the yolks, beaten alone, will be as thick as batter. Add the yolks first to the and frothy and never fail of small white cake. Add the yolks first to the and frothy and never fail of small white cake. Remember, if the grain of the cake is fine and close, the cake is not proper oven heat. Cream together butter, then add the beaten yolks and beat again thoroughly; add the milk and then the flour and stir well together; then add the flavoring and the whites, beaten stiff and dry, with which you have mixed the baking powder and sift

THROUGH DEATH TO LIFE.

Out of the darkness
  Come dead leaves flying,
Past our camp-fire,
  For the year's dying.
Into the darkness
  Swift the wind whirls them,
Where the chill night-frost
  Crackles and curls them.
On the great wind-gusts
  Whirl the leaves higher
Loud, as the wind veers,
  Roars our camp-fire.
So men's souls ever
  Whirl without slackness
On the great death-wind
  Swept into blackness.
Yet have the dry leaves
  End like to ours:
Out of the leaf-mold
  God will bring flowers.

THE DISPATCH BEARER;

Or,

A SOLDIER IN BLUE.

A Story of Gettysburg and the Siege of Richmond.

By HUGH ALLEN, of the New York Press.

["The Dispatch Bearer" was commenced in No. 8. Back numbers can be obtained of the agent or by writing to the Chicago office. Price, five cents each.]

CHAPTER XXVII.

A KNOCK ON THE DOOR.

Captain Tom had not waited for a second invitation, but at once started toward the opening.

The man secreted there had ears, however, and having caught pretty much all that was said, now made his appearance, crawling out and dusting himself off with a sang froid and coolness that was characteristic of the individual.

Then he came slowly forward.

The Colonel looked at him keenly.

He was visibly agitated.

It required a long stretch of memory, but there was that about the man to make him think of the scene that had been a nightmare to him ever since.

Besides, now that he knew the truth, he could perhaps discover in the face of Gilbert Gray some resemblance to his lost wife.

Silence for half a minute.

The Colonel broke it.

"So this is Julian, the man who marred my happiness, saved my boy's life and has now placed me in the peculiar position of harboring in my house a Yankee spy. Well, I can hardly say I'm glad to see you—at the same time I am painfully conscious that my misery has been caused more by my own temper than any act of hers. Besides, you are her brother—yes, I forgive you. Will you shake hands, Julian Randolph?"

The other drew up his form proudly.

"Not yet, Colonel Burke—not until she has forgiven you. You have much to answer for. It is not because of war animosities that I hold back. God knows, I long for the day when old Virginia will no longer be racked with the thundering of battle—when her sons, no matter on which side they fought, will respect each other's valor and sit down again at the same table, loving brothers."

"Amen," said Colonel Burke, with feeling; "I bear you no ill will, Randolph, because you refuse to touch my hand. At another time my sword would have leaped from its scabbard at the insult, but now I am humiliated, crushed to earth. I understand you are intending to leave the city. Well, it will, of course, be a good riddance for us, as I do not doubt you have done most disastrous work. I wish you a safe trip and no return ticket."

"Hark, my dear Colonel, and you will realize that a man can be honorable if a spy."

"Oh, I do not doubt it."

"Nevertheless, let me tell you something. It is not in the spirit of boasting, but to prove my words. Less than five weeks ago I became acquainted with a foul plot to assassinate President Davis—I sought him and gave him warning—the plot failed, but as the leader, a hot-brained fellow, who imagined he had a grievance against the president, jumped into the James and was never seen again, the matter was hushed up."

"You brought that information—you, a bitter enemy of the Confederacy?"

"Look at this, signed by Davis himself. If captured within the lines, that would have saved my life—provided I could get it read before they put a rope around my neck."

"There is no mistake. I honor you, sir, as a foeman worthy of respect. I beg that you will now accept my hand, forgetting the past. The time is, alas, near when Richmond must fall and we will all be on a level footing—no North, no South. Will you accept?"

This time the Federal did so.

"Remember, it is as a brave soldier I shake your hand, and not as your brother-in-law."

"Very good. That will come later, for I shall know no rest until I have found Louise and on my knees ask her pardon. But see here, while we talk our little supper is getting cold. Have you ever met Miss Stanhope, Mr. Randolph?"

Roxy acknowledged the introduction.

Naturally she had an antipathy for a man who played the part of a spy upon the cause she loved, but there were mitigating circumstances in connection with his case that made her at least respect him.

Any man who, while an enemy of the Confederacy, had been so honorable as to expose a foul plot to assassinate the president must be treated on a plane far above the ordinary.

So they sat down.

It would be safe to venture a prediction that a more remarkable group never came together inside the lines of Richmond.

For the present at least all sectional feelings were put aside and they spoke upon subjects of another nature.

At the same time they did not dally.

To several of them danger was lurking near, and the sooner they were out of this city the better for the state of their health.

The tea was served in the rare old Burke china, and as Captain Tom mentally observed, it tasted doubly good on account of being presided over by such a lovely hostess.

Still he did not lose his appetite on this account.

Who could say what lay before them—and as one who had served on many a campaign, Captain Tom knew the principle of securing a solid foundation before starting upon any enterprise.

The Colonel was uneasy.

His position was a strange one—in the heart of Richmond he entertained three Yankees.

What would be thought of him if it were known?

Of course, a Spartan father would have handed over his son under such circumstances, even though death as a spy was the inevitable consequence.

Colonel Burke was not a Spartan, but a Virginia father, and he let his heart speak louder than his sense of duty.

He looked toward the door again and again as if he had certain fears.

Perhaps one of the mob had remained behind and might be skulking near.

There were others in Richmond ready to steal all they could lay hands on besides the poor devil who had been found secreted in the chimney.

At any rate the sooner Tom and his friends were out of the house the better.

The Federal cavalryman saw that his father was worried and could guess the cause.

"Are you nearly done, Forbes?" he asked.

"Just one more drop of tea. It's been so long since I tasted any and I'm so fond of it. Thanks, Miss Roxy. Nectar fit for the gods, and served——"

"Hark!"

It was Julian who uttered this exclamation.

His hearing was unusually keen, and had no doubt been carefully educated during his years of service in the dangerous business of a spy.

All of them started, for their nerves were, of course, strained by the situation.

Plainly they heard the sound of a galloping horse.

The animal did not come leisurely along the street, as might a cavalryman crossing to his quarters, but there was a rapidity, a frenzy about the hoof beats that spoke of desperate business.

Roxy uttered a little cry.

Then the Colonel recovered himself.

"Some dispatch-bearer carrying important messages to the president's mansion. They often come this way after night sets in, as he is then at home."

All listened.

The rapid hoof-strokes rapidly drew nearer.

They were like the steady pulsations of a heart, and those life organs of the five constituting the little group in that room of the old Burke mansion seemed to pulsate in symphony with those sounds outside.

"There, he is past," said the Colonel, heaving a sigh of positive relief.

"Not so—he has stopped!" declared the spy.

Sure enough, the loud hoof-strokes could be heard no longer, and the five who had just been seated at the table looked blankly into each other's faces.

It was as though some dreadful calamity were impending, the nature of which they could not as yet even guess.

It did not end here.

Some one hastily ran up the front steps.

Whoever it was seemed to be thoroughly conversant with the surroundings, for not a second later the heavy knocker descended again and again, causing the reverberations to echo through the house.

It was as though a stroke of doom had sounded.

Julian put his hand to his pocket, while upon his face came a determined look that told plainer than words that he would never be taken alive.

Even Captain Tom gritted his teeth, while the newspaper correspondent secretly drew his dreadful machine-gun and wondered what chances the fellow would have who fired it, in comparison with the unlucky wight in front of its six frowning muzzles.

"Back to your hiding-place, boys," said the Colonel quickly, but Tom shook his head.

"Not so, my dear sir. If they come now it is because they know we have been hidden here. We must stand ready to fly."

"Besides, there's only one," muttered Julian.

"And I'm equal to him, I guess," said Forbes.

Again that direful clatter—bang—the party outside was growing impatient.

Captain Tom calmly blew out the lamp.

"Go to the door, father and see what is wanted."

"It is better or, by Jove! that importunate visitor will knock down the house or arouse this whole section of the city."

So saying he hurried away.

The others awaited his return eagerly, anxiously.

Seconds seemed like hours to them, for each measured time by the throbbing of the heart, and these were going like trip-hammers.

The pounding ceased.

Was that voices?

Their eyes were fastened on the door—moving figures came before their vision, and as these drew in range of the light springing from the blaze in the great fireplace they developed into that of the Virginia colonel and a female garbed in the black and white of a Sister of Mercy.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

FUGITIVES OF THE NIGHT.

It was Louise—Sister Madelon.

What had brought her to this house from which she had been forever barred by the edict passed many years ago?

Love—love for her boy, and the knowledge that his life was in jeopardy.

She pushed into the room.

Her face was white as marble, but in her eyes shone the light of indomitable courage—the power that causes the lioness to die in defense of her whelps.

Instantly her eyes were focused on her, but she looked straight at Tom, and it was toward him she advanced.

"Your presence here is known—further delay may cause the loss of your life. By accident I heard the man who brought the news to the general, how, in looking through the window he saw several Yankees come out of a hole in the floor, one of whom he recognized as Captain Tom, escaped from Libby. No sooner had I heard than I ran out, sprang on the horse of an aide and came here like mad. They will follow. In twenty minutes, perhaps less, the house will be surrounded. Seek safety in flight."

She spoke rapidly, almost breathlessly.

Tom advanced.

He held out both arms.

"I am ready to go, but by heaven, not before I tell you I know all——"

"Oh! has he told you?" she cried.

"We have had an understanding—I know you are my mother—I would assure you of my devotion, my love, before I leave you."

"No, no, not unless he has forgiven—I promised——"

"Louise, I have learned the truth—learned what an accursed wretch I was years ago—learned that you were innocent. I do not ask your forgiveness—that would be too much, but so far as any feeling of resentment on my part is concerned, it would be impossible. There is no time for more. When he has gone we can talk it over and then I shall on my knees ask that you blot out my sin and remove it far from me."

She was almost overcome.

"I never dreamed of this—I only came because I was rendered desperate by the danger menacing my boy, and I had no thought that the owner of the house would be here."

"Louise!"

She turned upon the spy.

"Do you not know me?" he asked.

"Not Julian, surely—I am dreaming?"

"It is no other."

"But—you were reported lost in the gold mines of Australia."

He took her in his arms, and Colonel Burke stifled a groan as he remembered how this same sight many years ago sent him reeling away, to return later mad with jealousy and drive his wife forth.

"So I believed you had gone down in the vessel that was lost, nor did I know any different until this night. It looks as though after all these years heaven had decided to right the great wrong and had brought us here for the purpose."

"I never lost faith that the truth would be known all in good time, brother, but I beg of you to delay no longer—they may come at any time."

"You and I are on different sides, Louise."

"I grieve for that, but many families have been rent in this strife. Thank heaven! it will soon end, and we will once more be able to gather what is left of our shattered families under their rooftrees, regardless of how they fought."

"I am the spy the mob was seeking."

"That is none of my business—you are my brother, and I beseech you to fly."

"Then I go—to see you again when the opportunity comes. Have mercy on the Colonel—I have already forgiven him in part. Boys, are you ready?"

"Yes, yes, come on," said Tom, who had shaken hands with Roxy and said something in a low tone that seemed to heighten that young lady's color.

The three of them hastened to the front door and Tom had only time to wring his father's hand.

"See you later, sir."

Then they darted out, across the porch and in five seconds had gained the street.

No one was near.

The aide's horse, which Louise had ridden so madly from headquarters, stood there still, his sides heaving from the violent exertions which he had been so recently obliged to undergo.

"Listen," said the spy, holding up his hand.

They faced as he did.

It did not require much effort to catch the clatter of many horses ascending the hill.

"They are coming," said Julian, grimly. "But just five minutes too late to catch the foxes in their den," declared Forbes, chuckling.

"Thanks to my dear mother."

"Well, we must be going—who leads?" asked the spy.

"I will for the present, and don't hesitate to offer suggestions at any time. We are bound for the river, to secure a boat of some sort."

"The night is propitious—feels like rain or snow."

"Come on, boys. How do you feel, Uncle Julian?"

"Like a new man almost—that rest and supper was just what I needed."

No more was said.

Under circumstances like these silence is golden.

As they hurried away they heard the horsemen ascending the hill and finally halt in front of the Burke mansion.

Meanwhile Captain Tom was leading them by a devious route down in the direction of the river. Their plans had been altered.

At the same time he was sure that he did not regret the time spent in reaching his father's house in the light of the wonderful revelations that had taken place there.

All of them knew that the lower down they went the greater their danger became, for most of the soldiers in the city were quartered around the prisons.

When old Libby loomed up Captain Tom turned to the newspaper man and said:

"Suppose we walk in and say we've been lost?"

"Yes, my son, when I have a file of soldiers on either side of me, and not before. Go to —— with your jokes. It is too serious a business. A boat is what is on my mind now—my kingdom for a boat."

"Have patience, old fellow, and we'll supply one, if it is to be had. I give you my word on that."

They had to be very careful.

Here camp-fires burned and the boys in gray laughed and joked over their scanty rations as hard fighters will when suffering the keenest of privations.

Sentries abounded, and challenges were heard on various occasions.

Although they had the pass-word our friends did not care to take any more risks than were positively necessary, since orders may have been issued to arrest certain parties answering their description, no matter what magic words they gave upon being halted.

Their goal was in sight—the river, flowing past the beleaguered city toward the sea.

Below were forts, but the darkness was merciful, and a small craft might manage to elude all observation by floating with the current.

In a dark corner Captain Tom called a halt.

"It has been years since I was here. Perhaps you may know the lay of the river bank much better, Julian," he declared frankly, in a whisper.

"I was waiting for you to speak. Yes, I have had much time to study the city—it was my business, you know, and I made up my mind just how I should act, long ago, if through the fortune of war I was ever compelled to leave Richmond by the water route."

"That's lucky," grunted Forbes, shifting the small cannon from one side of his belt

"Further delay may cause the loss of your life!"

to the other, as if its weight were proving a serious burden.

"Then, if you wish it, I'll take the lead from now on. I know of a boat that has been under my eye for some little time. Once we get on the river I imagine our greatest danger will be rocks, for they thrust their ugly noses up all along, some just hidden under the surface. There again I have tried to map out a course in my mind relative to safety, and with good luck we may get along. Are you ready for the last move on the shore?"

Both answering in the affirmative they crept out from the fence corner, gave one shuddering look over their shoulders at the grim prison that sheltered so much misery, and then keeping in the darkest shadow, proceeded to advance, the Union spy leading.

Little did the men in gray lounging among the tents and about the cheery fires imagine such royal game was almost within reach of their hands.

It was no easy task.

More than once men had escaped from the grim walls of Libby only to wander aimlessly about the Confederate capital until recaptured, for, as a usual thing, the avenues of exit were well guarded.

Even those who succeeded in reaching the country could not consider themselves safe, for blood hounds were put upon their trail.

This would not be the case with our friends.

Water leaves no trail at any rate.

As so much depended on Julian, the others looked to him for the plans that were to offset the difficulties in their way.

The river was near enough if they could only find some vehicle of conveyance in which to float down its turbulent bosom.

"It's raining," announced Forbes.

"Seems more like mist," said Captain Tom.

This made it more disagreeable for them, but at the same time it increased their chances.

Men who shoot ducks long for windy, rainy weather in order to have the game fly, and for various other reasons.

On ordinary occasions men get out of the storm when it is possible.

So they might expect to run across less enemies on account of the rain. Whoever had good shelter and a warm fire would not care to remain out, unless on duty.

The Union spy had counted on this hour and his preparations were about to bear fruit.

His business had long been a precarious one, and his neck being almost in jeopardy, he had made it a point to look for a way of escape before the tempest descended.

Sometimes he was caught unawares, and things he had not counted on threw him into a hole, as witness the occasion when he was hung in the old mill and this mad chase he made through the streets of Richmond.

At such times he had to trust to good luck or the favor of Providence.

So far it had not failed him, though the present situation looked critical enough.

They crept along up the river like three shadows, feeling their way, as it were—to run across a sentry on the qui vive might ruin their plans, for an alarm would cause soldiers to rush out from tents and houses where they were quartered, until escape might be a question of much uncertainty.

"Here's a boat," whispered the newspaper man, with a gleam of triumph's in his voice.

"And here's a chain and padlock attached," returned the Captain, chuckling.

"Have it your own way, my son. I'm out."

"Is it much further?" asked Burke of the leader.

"No, but the danger increases. After this even a whisper might betray us. Take in the situation, both of you, as well as the darkness allows—then if anything happens to me you will have a chance.

"Just beyond you see that gleam of light—it comes from the window of a little cabin once occupied by darkies, now made into a sentry box.

"We slip by that, crouching close to the wall when the sentry approaches, making progress as his back is turned.

"If by good luck we escape detection we have a clear field to the boat—it lies at the small landing above—a place where, in times gone by, they used to bring tobacco ashore.

"The oars were in it every time I looked, and I suppose all is well—you understand how the ground lies?"

"Yes" answered both of them.

"Then come on, and if ever you moved softly let it be now. Thank heaven for that rumbling of the cars—it will help to deaden any noise we make. Here's to slip by the river guard."

(To be continued next week.)

A Cook Book Free.

"Table and Kitchen" is the title of a new cook book published by the Price Baking Powder Company, Chicago. Just at this time it will be sent free if you with a postal mentioning the Chicago Ledger. This book has been tried by ourselves and is one of the very best of its kind. Besides containing over 400 receipts for all kinds of pastry and home cookery, there are many hints for the table and kitchen, showing how to set a table, how to enter the dining room, etc.; a hundred and one hints in every branch of the culinary art. Cookery of the very finest and richest as well as of the most economical and home like, is provided for. Remember "Table and Kitchen" will be sent, postage prepaid, to any person sending their address (name, town and State) plainly given. A copy in German or Scandinavian will be sent if desired. Postal card is as good as letter. Address Price Baking Powder Co., Chicago, Ill.

The Poorest Man in the World.

Can write to me and receive by return mail in a plain envelope, sealed, free, the prescription with full directions for taking and all particulars for a quick, permanent, private home cure for Lost Manhood, Nervous Debility, Atrophy, Night Losses, Varicocele, etc. A home cure for either young, old or middle-aged men. I will furnish the medicine if desired cheaper than it can be bought at a drug store. The prescription is entirely free. Enclose self addressed envelope and write at once to G. B. WRIGHT, box 1816, Marshall, Mich.

Gray, the author of the Elegy, was fond of apples. He always kept them in his room, and the fact that they decayed and smelt badly seemed to be no objection.

Sent Free to Any Man.

I will send (positively free of charge) to any man who is a victim of impotency, exhausted vitality, nervous and physical debility, or other results of error, a recipe which cured me after years of suffering. I was humbugged by quacks until I almost lost faith in mankind, but now I am a well and strong man and earnestly desire my fellows sufferers to get this wonderful recipe, which never fails to enlarge and strengthen small and weak organs. Cures speedily. Correspondence confidential. Address C. H. Muller, Box 1300, Kalamazoo, Mich.

The flow of natural gas in Pennsylvania and West Virginia is said to be on the decrease.

Mrs. Lydia Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., kindly offers to send to any lady who reads this paper a copy of her book entitled, "Woman's Beauty, Peril and Duty," this valuable book is worth its weight in gold, and no one should miss this great chance. Mrs. Pinkham will send it absolutely free, only asking that you mention this paper. You will not have another chance like this for the offer will not appear again.

On to Him.

Mrs. Stryver—We had a most enjoyable time at Mrs. Hunter's pink tea. Count Tedout was there and kept us mystified for an hour with his tricks with the cards.

Mr. Stryver (dryly)—He kept us mystified with 'em for three months at the club, but we're on to him now.

A Black Sheep.

Mrs. Highmind—It worries me sick to think how my little boy is growing up without a taste for literature.

Friend—Hasn't he any?

Mrs. Highmind—Not a bit. I bought him a beautifully bound copy of "Ruskin's 'Seven Lamps of Architecture,' and I actually had to whip him to make him read it.

Quite Natural.

Mr. Sissy—I want to know something."

Miss Perte—Well, I should think you would.

Current Notes.

Attorney (badgering witness)—Now, sir, would you like to swear—— Witness—Yes, I would.

Miss Charmante—Do you believe in hypnotism, Mr. De Softie? Mr. De Softie—Whenever you look at me I do.

"What! you have only three offers of marriage in the last month? How do you account for it?" "O, well, business is terribly depressed, you know."

Old boarder—What do you mean, sir, by asking me to loan you money? I don't know you, sir. New Boarder—That's why I ask you.

Jinks—Why are you forever bothering me about that bill I owe you? Minks—I need the money. Jinks—Then you ought to be able to sympathize with me. I need money, too.

Artie—Now, woman—ah—has been mo' less befoah th' public—doncher—foh a generation. Can ye—ah—see what she's done foh th' wuld?" Modern Woman (studing him closely)—Lord forgive her! Yes!

"Mamma," said Willie, "do you pay Jennie $15 a month for looking after me?" "No, $16," said mamma. "She is a good nurse and deserves it." "Well, I say, ma, I'll look after myself for $10. You'll save $6 by it."

The tall girl mused aloud: "What," said she, "can I do to bring the Count to his knees at my feet?" The short girl laughed a hollow, wan little laugh, with a dash of bitters in it. "Suppose," said the short girl, "you drop a dime on the floor."

Stranger—You say religion has never entered into politics in this town? Boss—No, sor; an' we don't intind to let it. "A wise resolve, my friend." "Yis, sor. Kapin' religin out av politics is aisy enough, sor." "How do you manage?" "Sure, all the candydates do be av wan religion."

After a Long-Distance Courtship.

She—Do you regret all the love you have lavished on her?

Rejected Lover—No, but I regret all the postage stamps.

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LOVING ECHOES.

BY JULIA MAY.

Praise, and the world will heed you;
 Blame and it heeds you not;
For a word of praise in the memory stays,
 Never to be forgot;
Or, if chiding be remembered,
 It is only for its sting,
But loving words, like songs of birds,
 Are forever echoing.

Look for the fragrant roses,
 Not for the thorns and weeds,
For the crimson sky when night is nigh,
 And the golden sun recedes,
Glistens the Starry Dipper,
 Sparkles the Milky Way,
Through the midnight trees, the clear eye sees
 Glimpses of dawning day.

Kisses, but not upbraidings,
 The smile, but not the frown,
For the love must be deep that afloat will keep,
 If harshness press it down;
Like the falling dew of summer,
 Or the welcome autumn rain,
Kind words may flow from the lips and go
 To the skies of the heart again.

Praise and your friends will hear you,
 Blame, and he heeds you not;
For a word of praise in the memory stays,
 Never to be forgot;
But if chiding be remembered,
 It is only for its sting,
And loving words, like songs of birds,
 Are forever echoing.

MY DIVORCED WIFE.

I think you might have searched the social history of the world, from the flood down to the present time, without discovering a more singular situation. I being—outwardly at least—a disinterested party, could regard it coldly and critically, and not without a certain amusement withal; though, philosopher as I schooled myself to be, I could not always suppress a feeling of exasperation that, pass it never so swiftly, generally left me a little out of humor with myself and the world at large.

The situation? It can be told in a nutshell. Two men, both splendid fellows, gentlemen in every sense of the word, both warm and intimate friends of my own, and both madly, desperately and self-confessedly in love with my divorced wife.

Gilbert Stone and Ned Blaine were each of them aware of the secret of the other. While there can be no doubt that their hatred was as fervent and conscientious as the hatred between rivals in love always is and always will be, they were both of them too well bred to let any evidence of it escape them. It was true that their close and friendly association of other days had ceased, but when they met at the club or elsewhere the manner of each toward the other was the very pink of good-natured courtesy, and I, as the former possessor of the fair object of their affections, found that the spectacle they offered afforded me so much amusement that I never had time to be angry or jealous.

The causes that led to the severance of my marital bonds do not pertain in any important respect to this history and need not be cited here. They were certainly commonplace enough. There had been a good deal of mutual consent about the divorce I had permitted my beautiful wife, Mildred, to obtain in a far away and complacent city that derived most of its revenue from its constantly swelling divorce colony. In the three years that had passed since our separation, I had never once set eyes upon her, though I had heard and read of her from time to time as one of the dazzling beauties of the hour—how I cursed those newspaper paragraphists—at Paris, London or Newport. Whenever she had been in New York, which happened twice or thrice a year, I had spent the most of my time with our boy, who had grown into a sturdy little yellow-haired chap of 5, and who, by previous agreement, was to remain with his mother—whom, by the way, I respected as one of the best, if most perverse, of women—until his seventh birthday, when he was to be turned over to me.

My wife—that is to say, Mildred—had been here some months now, and was established, so I had heard, in a comfortable apartment somewhere up in the nineties. I had not seen her, but was not at all curious or anxious, but somehow or other felt gratified when Stone, dropping in at my rooms in the Croisic for a chat, began to talk about her.

"I say, old chap," he began—Gilbert was a big athletic fellow, with a smooth face and coal black hair and eyes, and his affectation of a few English mannerisms did not detract from the atmosphere of sturdy, robust masculinity that he always seemed to diffuse about him—"I say, old man, I saw your wi—I mean I saw Mrs. Tregarde today."

"Indeed," I answered, lolling languidly back among the cushions and blowing a cloud of cigarette smoke into the pastille-scented air; "she looked well, I trust?"

"Stunning, dear boy, stunning," was the ready answer. "She was coming out of Huyler's with the boy, and I don't think I ever saw anything more beautiful in my life."

"She or the boy?" I drawled, lazily.

"Now, don't guy me, old man," pleaded the big fellow, confusedly. "I say, Tregarde," he went on, with a blush and a stammer, "I came here tonight to ask you something. Look here, we have always been good friends, haven't we?"

"Indeed, we have!" I answered cordially.

"And you will not be offended at what I ask you?"

"I am sure you will ask nothing to offend me."

"Then," inquired my caller, with an embarrassed gulp, "is there any chance of your ever becoming reconciled with Mrs. Tregarde?"

"None whatever," I answered.

Indifferent as I was, I could have kicked him for the look of delight that swept across his handsome features. "Tregarde," he said, in a manly way, "in this world there is very little honesty, but I have always tried to be an honest man. I asked you what I did because—well, because I love Mrs. Tregarde and want to marry her."

I eyed him narrowly.

"Was there any other reason," I asked, "why you came here to ask the question?"

"There was," he replied, flushing, "but I should have told you that in any event. You see, I asked Mrs. Tregarde yesterday if she would be my wife——"

"The deuce you did!"

"Yes, and she said she would give me no answer until I had told you of my proposal and heard what you had to say." Here the poor devil lost his self-control. "Tregarde," he exclaimed, piteously, "be generous. You don't love her any more. I do. Be generous."

There was a funny feeling at my heart, which I thought had grown rather tough. I did not know whether to laugh or swear. "What the blazes do you want me to do?" I asked, pettishly.

"She insists that she won't answer me till you yourself tell her it's all right—that you don't care. Tell her this. Write to her and tell her."

"I'll see you —" I answered, with great heartiness, "before I put anything like that on paper. Letters have caused me too much trouble in this world, my boy."

"Then go and see her."

I pondered long and earnestly and then said:

"All right. I'll go tomorrow and give her my blessing, since she compliments me by desiring it. Give me her address."

Somehow his very effusive thanks wearied me a good deal. I cut them as short as I could. He had not been gone five minutes before there came a thundering knock and Ned Blaine rushed in. He was evidently very much excited. His boyish curls were disarranged, and only one faultlessly creased trouser leg was turned up at the bottom.

"I say, old man," he spluttered breathlessly, "wasn't that Stone who just went out?"

"You've guessed it," I replied, with a grin; "what of it?"

"I won't ask you what he came about," said the boy, pitifully—he was quite six years Stone's junior, by the way. "Tregarde," he went on, hurriedly, "I have very little time. I'll be frank with you. I love your wife."

"I have none," I replied, with another grin.

"Don't joke," pleaded Ned. "You know whom I mean—Mrs. Tregarde. Is there any chance of you two ever making it up?"

I gasped. Here was Stone's very question.

"None whatever," I answered him.

"Would you care if I married her?"

"Anything that gave her happiness would give me happiness, too," I answered, diplomatically.

"Then you consent?"

I could have punched him, also, for his asinine joy. "I've no rights for any one to respect, you little chump, you," I said rudely; "go in, my boy, and win, and I'll put my hands on your heads and say: 'Bless you, my children.'"

He wrung my hand and went away.

To find two men, and wholly admirable and eligible ones at that, crazy to marry a woman you have once loved yourself is bound to increase your respect for that woman, no matter how little you may care for her today. Then, too, there is always that dog-in-the-manger feeling that is so distinctly masculine, and that strikes us so forcibly when we observe the desire of some one to possess something we no longer care to possess ourselves. Perhaps all this caused me to sit up rather later than usual, smoking fiercely between sips of my modest jorum of very weak grog—for I am very temperate in my habits nowadays—and dreaming of a slim girl in a white dress, with the sweetest red mouth in the world, teaching her little sister her Sunday-school lesson and—pish! When my trend of thought had reached this imbecile stage I rose with a grunt, fished out my pajamas and crawled into bed.

Nine o'clock the following evening found me sitting in my ex-wife's pretty parlor, awaiting the return of the trim maid to whom I had given my card. There were several familiar knickknacks about the room—whose whole arrangement, by the way, was a miracle of good taste—and I even caught sight of my own photograph on a bracket. The face was not turned toward the wall, either.

Mildred herself came into the room. She stood for a moment without speaking. The dark portiers behind her set off her slight, blue-gowned figure quite admirably. Her throat and wrists looked charmingly white in their settings of soft lace. She looked rather pale, I thought, but her voice was quite firm.

"This is an unexpected honor," she said musically, dropping a low curtesy; "how shall I thank you for it?"

"By being natural for a few minutes, dear," I answered, advancing toward her and lightly raising her hand to my lips. "Perhaps it was bad taste in me to come here, but I won't bore you very long. I'm here, you see, as an ambassador. Let's talk for a little while as friends."

"With all my heart," acquiesced the lady, sinking into a low chair and coquettishly thrusting out an infinitesimal slipper. "If not in your own, in whose behalf are you here?"

"In behalf, I think, of a — fool," I said, very slowly, "or perhaps two of them."

Mildred threw back her head and laughed softly. I noticed the tantalizing tendrils of brown hair at the nape of her little round, smooth neck.

"Are they—ahem!—fools of the kind you specify because they admire me?"

"By no means. No one that sees you can help doing that. But because they come to me with their troubles."

"They have both been here today, Walter," said the lady, "and they both tell me you are willing I should marry again. Is it so?"

"Of course," I answered stoutly, "if it will make you happy."

She looked at me a little wistfully, I thought, as she asked, "Which of these two nice young men would make me most happy, do you think?"

"Oh, — 'em, either of 'em," I answered, brutally. I was angry because I couldn't swallow the lump in my throat. Just then the portiers was slyly pushed aside and my little boy came into the room. His yellow curls were tumbled and tousled, and his pink little toes peeped prettily from beneath his white night-dress. At the sight of me he emitted a shriek of infantile delight and fled toward me. As I took him on my knees the lump in my throat seemed to swell to the size of a cannon ball.

"I wish," I said, to nobody in particular, "that I had come to see you sooner."

Mildred scanned me closely out of her large gray eyes, and asked:

"Why didn't you?"

"I wasn't invited."

"You didn't want to be."

Just here the kid broke in. He had a swell name of some sort, but I had always called him Little Billy. It was a fancy I had, and my reading of "Trilby" had strengthened the fancy.

"Father," he lisped, "I think you're dead tough."

"And why, my son?" asked I, patting the yellow head.

"Because mother——"

But at that instant there came a long ring at the electric bell. Mildred answered it, having released her maid after my entrance. She ushered in Stone and Blaine. They had evidently met in the elevator, for both seemed nervous.

I enjoyed their embarrassment. The family picture must have been a daisy. I was proud of Mildred. She never turned a hair. I felt a queer chill run down my spinal column. The young men certainly could not complain of any lack of cordiality in their welcome.

Both seemed rather stupid, I thought. Both were in irreproachable evening dress—as I was myself, for that matter. Gilbert looked steadfastly at the carpet and fiddled with his gloves. Ned talked nervously and rapidly about—nothing. Presently there came a long silence that was broken at length by Little Billy.

"Father," he asked, with a pudgy fist pushed into my cheek, "which of these two doods is goin' to be my new father?"

The two doods" looked nonplussed.

I roared with laughter. "I don't know, Billy," I confessed; "which of 'em would you like?"

"Neither!" bawled the little devil, and then he buried his little face in my shirt bosom, soiling it with his tears, and sobbing, "I don't want any new father. I want just you—my old father."

I have a rather indistinct recollection of all that happened after that. All the bells in the house commenced ringing at once, and yells of "fire" resounded through the hallways. I rushed to the door and was confronted with a blinding cloud of smoke, through which it were death to pass.

"The place is burning," I announced, with all the calmness I could muster; "where is the fire escape?"

"By this window," answered Mildred, without any excitement. She was looking straight into my eyes, and in her glance there was no fear. Both the young men showed admirable composure.

I could hear the flames roaring through the outer hallway like a furnace. The room in which we stood was growing insufferably hot.

"There is no time to lose," I remarked. "Get something to wrap the child in," said I to Mildred.

She was back in an instant with a heavy shawl.

"Now," I said to the two young men, "some one must precede Mrs. Tregarde to catch her if she slips. Get out, you two, and she and I will follow you."

Mildred strode up to me, white-faced, but brave.

"Unless you get out on the ladder first," she said, calmly, "I will stay here and burn."

I saw she meant what she said. Taking the child in my left arm I stepped out on the balcony and was followed by Mildred. Flames were entering the room as we left it. As I commenced the descent I whispered to her:

"If it were not for Little Billy, I'd wish we might die together. Now, keep your nerve and cling tight, for God's sake."

We were five stories up, but I could hear the shouting of the people in the street below. I went down slowly, reaching for the rung beneath me and only releasing my one-handed hold on the one above when I had both feet secure. Mildred came close after me.

We must have been more than half way down when I shouted to Mildred to stop. There was no rung beneath me. The ladder had been broken or burned off. I very nearly dropped, but managed to regain my footing. Then I gasped in sheer horror, for flames were bursting from the window immediately below me. I was being burned.

I pushed the child up to Mildred.

"Take the boy, my dear," I said, "and hold on as long as you can. The fire is burning my legs off, I think."

The last thing that I remember was a cry of "Darling!" that seemed to come from the skies above me. After that it was a blank.

They tell me that I dropped two stories and hit the edge of the tarpaulin that was being held by stout hands and arms below, and bounced onto the sidewalk like a football. I only broke one rib and dislocated an elbow, but the shock put me to sleep for awhile.

The others were rescued, dramatically enough, by the firemen. They tell me that the crowd cheered with great enthusiasm, but that Neddie Blaine's beautiful little mustache was hopelessly scorched.

The only thing that lost its life in the fire was Mildred's obese pug. I was glad of it, but she mourned it many days.

Gilbert and Ned often visit us. Having neither of them cause to envy the other, they can both afford to congratulate me.

"The fire is burning my legs off, I think."

Why, Oh, Why.

Euphemia came in the other day wearing a disgusted expression and threw her hat onto the sofa. Then she sat down and propounded the following problems:

"Why is it that when I purchase a coat for $19.75 Saturday I see its exact counterpart Monday for $12.25?

"Why is it that when I am attired in my most disreputable-looking old togs I meet the only man in the world, or the one who is occupying that position for a brief while?

"Why is it that when I am absolutely penniless all my rural friends come to town and expect entertainment, while they never appear in seasons of prosperity?

"Why is it that the only times I can make up my mind to save money are those when I have no money to save?

"Why"——

But Ephemia did not propound her last problem, for she found that her audience had fled.

Accustomed to Carriages.

Old Lady—Why do you call your carriage when you are going such a short distance?

Miss Upperten—It is unnecessary, perhaps, but I never think of walking. We have always had a carriage, you know.

Old Lady—Yes, I remember. Your grandfather kept his carriage, too. He peddled milk from it.

"WAIT A MINUTE MORE."

I've often tried to get away from many a noisy crowd,
From those who were diffuse, whose voices were too loud,
Whose songs were ringing thro' the room where many cried encore,
And when I tried to go they said just "Wait a minute more."

The glasses rattled loudly, the jokes were wild and free,
And everybody seemed to be a special friend to me;
And when I thought I had enough and didn't wish for more,
They rapped upon the table, crying, "Wait a minute more."

The lights were blazing kindly, the room was full of fun;
It wasn't till the dawn had come the roistering was done;
But when the sun was rising my foolish head was sore,
Because I listened to the cry, just "Wait a minute more."

This short advice I'd give you upon the honest plan,
Never wait a minute for devil or for man;
Your bosom will be hurt, your heart be very sore,
The devil loves a man who waits for "Just a minute more."

AN AGREEABLE MISTAKE.

When I left the university I had, as in duty bound, to go through my course of military service, and in due time found myself enrolled as a soldier in an infantry regiment then stationed at the town of Torgau, in Thuringia.

The officers were extremely kind to me, and invited me to become a member of the club they had formed among themselves, so that I was soon quite at home. In the morning there was the everlasting "right, left! right, left!"—at dinner the soothing perfume of the "Maibohle," and in the evening dreamy repose and excellent cigars in the shady Casino gardens.

The civil and military society mingled freely, contrary to the usual custom, and the legal world and such landed proprietors as lived in the neighborhood made themselves particularly agreeable.

The chief magistrate, old Herr Hammer, was president of the club. He played a good game of bowls, emptying a good many "schoppens" in the course of it, and kept the whole company entertained with his cheerful fund of humor. Of course I was presented to him, and he recognized in me the son of his old comrade in university and volunteer days. He was delighted to see me, and at the close of the evening he took me across the gardens to the Casino veranda, where his wife and daughter were drinking true Thuringian mocha with a number of other ladies. I was presented to the fair circle. Frau Hammer was still a pretty woman; she knew my good mother, greeted me with warmth, and begged me with charming friendliness to come and pay her a visit as soon as my military duties would allow.

"No stiff evening call, dear Herr Eisenstein, I beg! When you have no better way of spending your evening, then come in and see us and have a cup of tea with us."

"Well, well," muttered her lord and master, "you will get something better than tea, I can tell you, my dear fellow! Don't be afraid. Wife, you frighten all the fellows away with your tea."

We laughed at his comical expression as he uttered this warning. I thanked Frau Hammer for her friendly invitation and decided at once to take advantage of it. Had I not looked into the blue eyes of the magistrate's 17-year-old daughter, the fair Agnes? Did I not read in those liquid depths that a visit from me would not be entirely disagreeable to her? Of course, I would seize the first happy chance that left me free to spend an evening in her society.

The happy chance did not occur for some days, but at length I had a free evening and decided to make prompt use of it. I called my soldier servant, who, as the stern Captain of our company was fond of reminding me, was in reality my fellow soldier, and sent him in the afternoon to the Frau Direktorin with a carefully-worded message, saying, if it would not inconvenience her, I would do myself the honor of calling on her that evening.

After much explanation Gottlieb Feuerstacke at length understood where he was to go and what he had to do. In about an hour he returned, giggling in an idiotic manner, and informed me with a scarcely suppressed smile that a visit from me at 8:45 o'clock would be "extremely agreeable."

It struck me that this was rather a late hour to fix for a sociable evening call; in fact, rather a ceremonious hour; but, no doubt, the Herr Direktor liked to stand on ceremony even in so small a matter as the present. I thought no more of it, but when the hour came for departure I waxed my mustache in the correct style, cast a few drops of "new mown hay" on my pocket handkerchief, placed it in the pocket above my beating heart, and wrapped myself in my great military overcoat.

Thus armed, I started off to see my new friends, not quite willing to confess even to myself how much I longed to behold the fair Agnes once more.

"Idiot that you are," I said sternly to myself; "what do you expect from those little hands? What, save a cup of Chinese tea?"

Torgau is a small place, and soon enough was I at the house of the chief magistrate.

At its half open door was a woman's form, apparently a servant maid. She conducted me into the dimly-lighted vestibule, said softly, with a shy simper, "Good evening," tripped upstairs and signed me to follow.

The Herr Direktor lived in a flat, it seemed, approached by a common staircase, and up this I promptly followed my guide, my heels ringing clear and loud on the uncarpeted flags.

"Hush! hush, for heaven's sake!" whispered the servant maid mysteriously.

I confess to a shock of surprise. I stopped.

"Is this not the right hour?"

"Yes, yes, but hush!"

She placed a warning finger on her mouth.

"Good gracious! Is some one ill in the house?" I whispered, in a low voice. "In that case I will come another evening."

"No, no, only be very quiet, Herr Corporal."

And thereupon she seized my hand and drew me up the stairs with many warning signs.

I was utterly bewildered and could make neither head nor tail out of the business. We were on the upper floor. With a dexterity that looked suspiciously like constant habit she caught the door bell in her hand so that its tinkle should not be heard. She certainly showed a wonderful knack in her proceeding. She opened the door, and before I knew where I was I found myself in the kitchen. Then the bell rang, evidently in the sitting-room, whereupon she promptly pushed me still further into the kitchen and left me breathless with amazement to stare about me.

A neatly laid table stood in the middle of the room, which was but dimly lighted by two candlesticks stuck in empty champagne bottles. I was still gaping and gasping when she returned.

"It was nothing! They have not finished yet. They sit so long at table. The master wanted more butter."

Then she reddened up, giggled shyly, and, with downcast eyes, continued:

"I am very glad, Herr Corporal, to see you. It is a great honor," and there she paused, smoothing down the folds of her apron. She evidently expected me to say something.

A sudden light broke on my bewildered senses. I understood it all! The suppressed merriment in Feuerstacke's face, the warmth of my reception by the maid. That idiot of a man; that dense-pated Gottlieb Feuerstacke had imagined my message was for the maid-servant, and not for the quality. Was I not serving as a private soldier like himself? And was not a cook the object of his highest adoration?

I could have laughed aloud! The old mad spirit of university days rushed upon me—never even in those joyous wild times had I met with such a rare adventure as this; never, on my word of honor!

"How very kind of you, dear. By the way, what is your name?"

"Hannah," she whispered, with downcast eyes.

"What an adorable name! Hannah."

I quite forgot all about the perils of my position and raised my voice to its natural pitch. She cast on me such an eloquent glance imploring me without words not to let "them," as she called the family, get wind of my vicinity.

Now she glided gently hither and thither, collecting and placing on the table all manner of dainty fragments from the dinners of a week past, placing them in tempting confusion at my disposal.

Again the bell rang. Hannah was wanted. She obeyed the call at once, and presently returning, placed before me, with conscious pride, a smoking omelet aux fines herbes, seasoned with bacon sauce.

Good Hannah! What would she not do for a Corporal?

But fate was at hand. The sitting-room door opened—steps were heard in the passage. In another instant the kitchen would be invaded, but, thanks to Hannah's promptitude, the danger was averted. With immense presence of mind, she laid her great, coarse hand on my lips, blew out the candles at one breath, opened the door, closed it behind her, met her mistress in the passage and conversed quite composedly with her about tomorrow's dinner.

I sat motionless in the dark and heard the whole "menu" gone through. The cold sausages of which I had just been partaking were to be sent up for Herr Direktor's breakfast.

"Good night, my love. I am going out."

It was the voice of the worthy man himself. His wife replied:

"Don't be late tonight. Where are you going?"

"To the Casino. They have roasted crab and fresh maibohle there tonight."

A pressure of the hand, a kiss and the Herr Direktor went downstairs. The good housewife had ended her consultation with the cook, and returned to the sitting-room. Only Bello, the faithful companion of his master—Bello, the black poodle—sniffed uneasily at the kitchen door.

"Come, Bello, come here, sir," called his master from half-way downstairs. Bello did not come. He sniffed still harder.

"Get away, will you," said Hannah, clapping her hands at him, pushing him away. The faithful animal resignedly trotted downstairs. I breathed again, and began to think love required too much sacrifice. Although it was highly impolite to leave in the middle of a meal, yet I felt my false position so acutely that I proposed doing so without delay. Alas! it was not so easy.

Hannah lamented that I had not done better justice to her banquet, and that final temptation produced from some other place a bottle containing some dregs of the wine, and would not, in short, hear of my going away.

"Only one little quarter of an hour more," she pleaded. "I must do my washing up. The water is hot now." Here she paused and looked roguishly at me. "If you would help me to dry the things, then it would soon be done. I am free after that, and we could take a walk somewhere. Ah, please! please! You need not be afraid; my young man may always come to the door downstairs, the mistress always allows that. I always make that one of the conditions when I take a situation."

This privilege did not fill me with much joy, especially when I thought of the drying process.

"A good appetite to you, Hannah. You have treated me only too well." I forgot I had been the only partaker of the feast. "Now I must be off."

She pouted, casting imploring glances at me, and somehow, even before I knew what she was about, she had enveloped me in a brand new apron to protect my uniform.

The house door opened again, creaking loud and warningly; heavy steps—a man's steps—came up the staircase; the little bell at the entrance of the Herr Direktor's apartments tinkled. A horrible dread seized me—it was the Herr Direktor himself, and, merciful heavens, of course Bello, the irrepressible and suspicious Bello! He would make straight for the kitchen, I felt sure.

"Is not Herr Eisenstein here?"

I turned cold as ice.

"Herr Eisenstein!" said a soft, clear voice, and now I turned burning red with shame. "Herr Eisenstein? No, he is not here, papa. How funny! Why should Herr Eisenstein be here?"

It was the fair Agnes who spoke—Agnes of the soft blue eyes. I felt their limpid gaze resting on me even through the thick darkness.

"Hannah, has the Herr Eisenstein not been here tonight? Are you quite sure?"

"No, sir, I have not seen the gentleman this evening. No one has been here."

"I can't understand it," said the Direktor. "I went over to Herr Eisenstein's rooms to ask him to come over with me to the cafe, and his fellow was standing at the door, and he told me his master was gone out. I asked him where. 'Down to the big street to a magistrate's house.' Bello, come here. Come here, sir."

But Bello had evidently different intentions. The wretch began to scratch and snarl at the kitchen door. He ran back to his master. I heard distinctly the sound of his nails on the stone floor. He returned. I could not sit still another moment; my left leg had gone to sleep. I moved very, very slightly, but it was enough for Bello. Barking furiously, he leaped wildly up the door as high as the latch.

"What in the world is in the kitchen?"

Before Hannah could interpose her stout form between him and the door the strong hand of the master had flung it wide open, and the light of his candle fell full on my pale and agitated countenance. Wife, daughter and maid servant pressed after him.

I draw a veil over the scene. I hear once more the astonished exclamations of the ladies, the sobs of Hannah, the triumphant barking of Bello—detestable little brute—and find myself out on the staircase alone in the dark night, condemned to everlasting shame and contempt. Behind me echoed the scornful laughter of Herr Direktor.

Next morning Gottlieb Feuerstacke pondered thoughtfully over a blue kitchen apron that he had found on my sitting-room floor.

Many years have passed away since that terrible evening. I am a general officer and a star adorns my manly breast. A few gray hairs have crept like moonlight around my temples; my dear, fair-haired wife has the same soft, blue eyes as of old, and she discusses household matters every day with good old Hannah. On our marriage my mother-in-law sent her to us as general servant. Many and weighty are the consultations on the day's dinner. Very often they cannot settle on anything.

"Rudolf, what will you have for tomorrow's dinner. One does not know what to order. Do, please, suggest something, dearest!"

My countenance assumes a serious expression; I think deeply for a while; it is an important matter. Then I open my lips and say, softly:

"Savory omelet, with fine herbs and bacon is as good now as when——"

Good old Hannah has already got her apron up to her face and rushes from the room.

We eat in due time of that excellent dish which I tasted for the first time under the friendly roof of my father-in-law. Hannah gets her share, too, a goodly portion, for now she has no Corporal to share it with her. The children, however, insist on giving many a dainty morsel of the self-same omelet to Bello, not the original bellow, but the grandson or great-grandson—I forget which—of that infamous, traitorous animal.

Shameful.

A New York newspaper reports a brief colloquy between a woman and her lazy husband. She was busy, and the baby was crying, and the man, so far as it appears, was doing nothing.

"John," she said, "I wish you would rock the baby."

"Oh, bother," was the answer. "Why should I rock the baby?"

"Why, because he isn't very well, and I have this mending to do. Besides, half of him belongs to you, anyhow, and you ought to be willing to help take care of him."

"Well, half of him belongs to you, too, and you can rock your half and let my half holler."

GOOD-BY.

Good-by, dear eyes; a little while
 You lit the darkness of my days;
 Now life is naught and nothing stays;
Good-by, dear eyes and tender smile
 And loving ways.

Good-by, dear hands; and now I press
 For the last time your whiteness slim,
 And if my eyes with tears are dim,
You will not love them, dear, the less
 For tears in them.

Good-by, dear lips, where death has set
 His kiss, a colder one than thine;
 But, in your dwelling place divine,
Shall you, dear love, one hour forget
 This kiss of mine?

Coming Down to Figures.

"You can't make me believe," said the reporter in the long brown ulster, "they had $150,000 in that bank at Momence."

"I don't know," remarked the reporter who had tilted his chair back against the wall. "Momence is a pretty live little place. That wouldn't be any too large a sum for a bank to have on deposit in that town."

"It's simply ridiculous," rejoined the other. "I'll bet you there are not half a dozen towns in the state where there's a bank with $150,000 cash on hand. I don't believe there's a bank in Chicago that could show much more than that."

"You don't know what you are talking about," spoke up the reporter at the table in the corner, looking sharply through his eyeglasses at the last speaker. "There's a bank within a block of here that has $8,000,000 in cold cash right now. There's another with over $5,000,000. There isn't a bank in town that couldn't turn out half a million on demand. There's over $50,000,000 in gold in Chicago banks. Chicago's full of money. When you want to know anything about money come and ask somebody who's posted about money. By the way," he added, turning to the man at the city editor's desk, "I wish you'd lend me about 30 cents. I want to go out and get something to eat."

She Was a Peach, Indeed.

Her Father—So you have had a proposal, my daughter?

Herself—Yes, papa, several. An iceman proposed to me.

Her father (breathlessly)—Did you accept him, my dear?

Herself—Nay, nay, papa.

Her Father—Ingrate!

Herself—After him a plumber proposed to me, dear papa.

Her Father (excitedly)—And him—did you accept him?

Herself—Not for jewels and precious stones, papa mine.

Her Father—Fool! Idiot!

Herself—I had a third proposal, papa. The gentleman is an iceman in the summer time and a plumber in the winter.

Her Father (on the verge of apoplexy)—Madeline——

Herself (calmly)—I, accepted him, father.

Her Father—Fall on my neck, my angel child—you are the rarest rose of them all.

Some North German Superstitions.

If you are superstitious there are many things you must not do. In North Germany you must not spin during the twelve nights of Christmas, lest you should walk after your death; nor after sunset on Saturday, for then mice will eat your work. Speaking of eating, if you want to have money and luck all the year round you must not fail to eat herrings on New Year's day; nor, if you wish to be lucky, must you rock an empty cradle, or spill salt wantonly, or cross knives, or point at the stairs. If you leave a dirty cloth on the table over night you will make the angels weep; if you point upward to the rainbow you will make the angels' feet bleed, and if you talk of cabbages while looking at the moon you will hurt the feelings of the man in it, who was a cabbage stealer in his salad days.

They Don't Read the Papers.

St. Peter—You can't come in.

Millionaire—Wh-at? You just send for the daily papers and read the reports of the funeral sermon that Rev. Softtle preached over me.

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